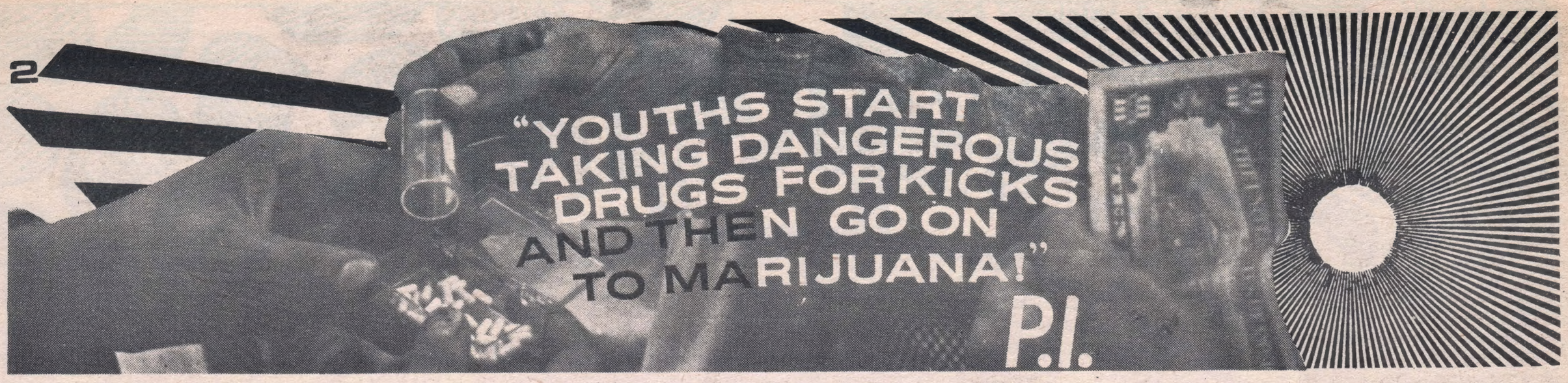
FREE PRESS

Seattle

VOL. 4 NO. 8 9-26-68



Acid? Speed? Grass? Smack? Dope bought and sold, dirty people hanging around growing their hair out, and 13 year old girls running away from home: The University District businessmen are uptight. The kids stand in front of their stores and their regular patrons are afraid to walk down that side of the street; so the shops don't make as much money as they want and the owners complain. They complain to the Chamber of Commerce, the city police, the health department, and other city agencies. Chamber of Commerce begins to yell and the police with reaffirmed support step up their harassment of the flower people.

At the beginning of the summer the number of beat cops doubled, 6 plainclothes cops, federal narcotics officers, and state narcotics officers and a team of city special duty police appeared all to run hippies out of the district. The man enforced the law discriminantly especially misdemeanors such as jay walking, littering, loitering, hitchhiking, and panhandling. A patrol car pulls up and the officers tell a kid to get in and they go two blocks away, search, question & may or may not release the youth. He has also threatened to plant dope on some people in order to scare them off the ave. A boy was arrested for panhandling when he tried to borrow a cigarette from a stranger on the AVE.

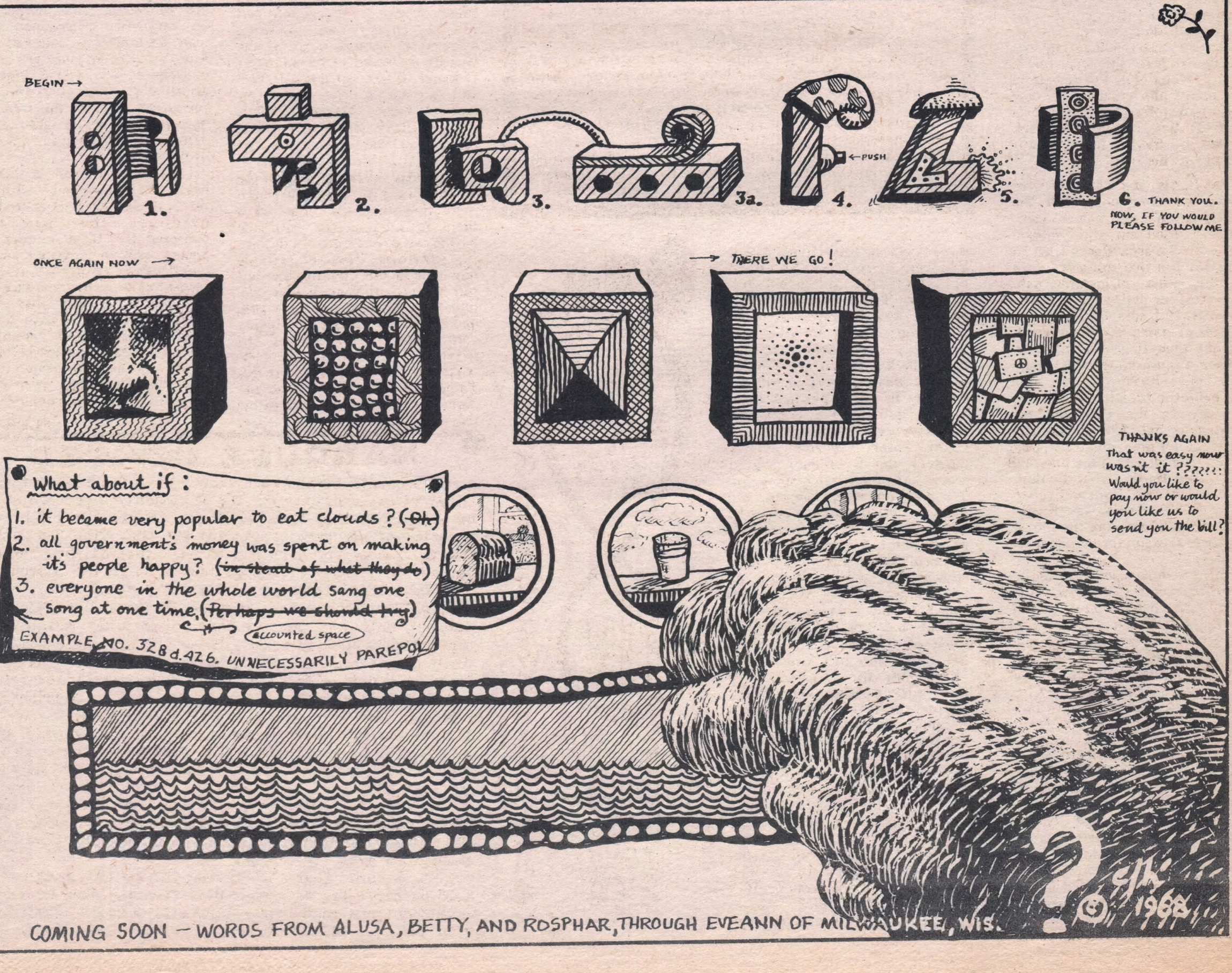
Building inspectors are now being taught to recognize marijuana and other drugs; they can't bust you but if they find your stash they can tell someone who can. Several days after a building inspector had visited the home of several straight people i.e., short hair, neat clothes and jobs, they were busted for growing marijuana. (Building Inspectors cannot inspect your home without a search warrant; unless you let them.)

The police force because of outside pressure and their own paranoid megalomania are out to get hippies.

In September a federal grand jury issued an undisclosed number of indictments. A grand jury which may be secret or public, is selected from the jury list, as in any jury trial, and they decide if there is enough evidence for a trial. If they decide there is enough evidence they have the power to issue warrants for arrest. Oftentimes, as in this case, the police use a secret grand jury to obtain warrants in order to sensationalize the arrest. Seventeen were arrested on the indictments and altogether 25 people were picked up. The charges all involved heroin, possession & trafficing, and the bails ranged from $2,500 to $50,000. Most of the people were strung out when apprehended and some had done as much as six spoons of heroin the day before. In spite of this and the ensuing withdrawal, little or no medical attention was given until after the preliminary hearings several days later and then very little medical aid was given. The police and the papers claimed they had cracked a huge syndicate of dope smugglers, although it gave the Seattle police excellent publicity, it wasn't true. The people arrested were strung out, with few exceptions they bought and sold dope only to obtain it for themselves.

(SEE PI TEENAGE ADVICE ABOVE)

N.S.S.J.



curtis harris

In an apparent effort to imitate their New York clansmen, Seattle Police attacked two Black Panthers in a courtroom Wednesday. The Panthers, Willie Jackson and Curtis Harris (co-captain of the Seattle Panthers and their candidate on the November ballot for State Legislature) were attending the trial of Panther Buddy Yates on charges of armed robbery. The case had come to trial several times during the summer but had to be continued for lack of evidence and witnesses.

Detective Yorsten, the investigating officer, (and as it turned out, the only prosecution witness) entered the Justice Court of Judge Manolides justifiably worried about the progress of his case against Yates. Harris and Jackson entered the courtroom and sat just in front of the pensive detective. Yorsten testified in a hearing later the same day that for no reason Harris (whom he did not know or recognize) turned to him and said "I'm going to blow your head off" and used obscene language such as "PIG" and "MF." However, Harris' version of the event was considerably different: shortly after he sat down, Yorsten made comments to him about his candidacy and said people like Harris should be under the jail not running for public office to which Harris replied, "And people like you should be in the graveyard." Although court was not yet in session and the room was quiet no one else in the courtroom heard any of the conversations between Harris and Yorsten, not even a person sitting directly behind them. Regardless, Yorsten jumped up, told Yates's defense attorney that his life had been threatened, and left the room to call his superiors. Yorsten testified that his conversation with a Lt. McCarthy was extremely brief: "My life has been threatened..." the Lt. replied "OK...." That phone call resulted in anywhere from eight to sixteen plainclothes police filling the anteroom to the court and blocking the door.

Harris sensed something was up, tried to leave the court for "a drink of water" but Yorsten stood in front of him saying in his best Sargent Preston style, "This case is not over yet, Nigger." A black woman also tried to leave but was told to take her seat.

As Harris and Jackson were leaving the courtroom after the continuation of Yates' case, Yorsten stood up and grabbed Harris by the arm, Harris tried to shrug his arm free and was set up by the other plainclothesmen. Three or four police threw Harris to the ground, sprayed tear gas in his eyes (Yorsten also got a blast), and dug their fingers in his eyes. Jackson was also roughed up and a black girl, Kathy Holley, was struck on the breast and face. On the way to the City Jail for booking, a Sgt. Church slapped Harris several times and called him Nigger. The sargent at the booking desk pulled Harris across the desk slamming his face down and yelled "Now talk," Harris was finally booked for threatening the life of an officer Jackson for impeding an arrest.

All this took place at 10 in the morning, and somehow, the superhuman defense crew of Al Ziontz, Mike Rosen, Chris Young, and Gary Gayton got the indictment scheduled for 2 pm the same day in the court of Judge Noe. From the beginning the City must have known they were in a bad spot: the prosecutor assigned to the case was Jim Leach, the most ineffective and muddled of the City Attorneys. About forty Panthers, four TV camera teams, various newspaper and wire service reporters, lawyers and clients filled the courtroom (to say nothing of the plainclothes cops and befuddled Helix crew). Most of the hearing was decided in the backroom; it was agreed that both Harris and Jackson would be released on Personal Recognizance rather than on bail. (Judge Noe is a pioneer of Justice in his efforts to reform the antiquated bail structure of this city.) While the hearing was in progress Cadet Policemen came in, stayed briefly and left, probably sent up to have a close look at the enemy. Yorsten was the only prosecution witness, speaking in quiet, pinched tones looking around the courtroom furtively, perhaps constipated.

Al Ziontz, Harris's defense attorney did a brilliant job of cross examination, harping on Yorsten's imprecise language and memory, forcing him to admit he had forgotten several things and, at one point, forcing the detective to openly contradict himself. (The audience in the court gave an appreciative gasp.) Harris was called to the stand in his own defense and brazenly pointed out some of the plainclothesmen in the court who had struck him. Throughout the hearing, Judge Noe was attentive, occasionally tearing sheets of paper from a gummed pad in idleness, wiggling his eyebrows whenever the prosecutor botched up some obscure point. An absurd relaxed atmosphere for a decision which could allow the Police to define a word as a weapon and treat an insult as a loaded gun. The hearing has been continued until October 8 when final briefs will be filed and Judge Noe will hear Ziontz's arguments for filing charges against the police for unprovoked assault.



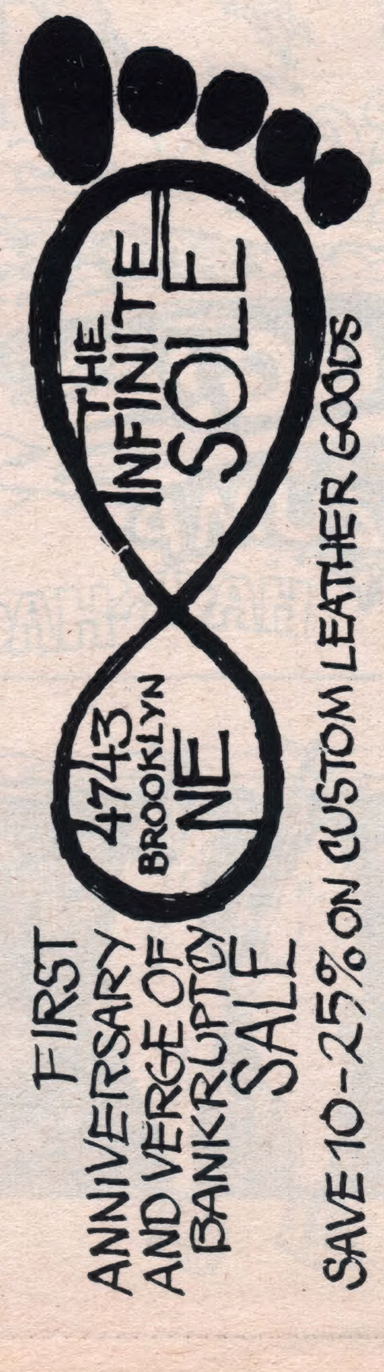
STATEMENT OF ELDRIDGE CLEAVER, MINISTER OF INFORMATION, BLACK PANTHER PARTY:

The Black Panther Party finds the verdict unacceptable because it's clearly a political compromise verdict and an example of the way Black people's rights have been abrogated for the expediency of the times.

On the one hand, the jury brought in a verdict of innocent, on the other they brought in a verdict which would pacify the pigs of the power structure, thirsty for Huey's blood, so they set themselves up as the balancing agent to keep peace rather than the weighers of evidence.

They exposed the shabbiness of justice in America as it relates to Black People, particularly freedom fighters, so we can only redouble our efforts to set Huey free. We don't feel the fact that his life was spared is a great victory. It has been a compromise and there is no room for compromise. We are exhausting every legal facility.

But this is a clear indication of the power of the people when they are mobilized. So our job is to mobilize people to rescue Huey from the clutches of the pigs. (Sept. 8, 1968)



huey newton

Bruce: "It's a lunatic decision!"

Me: "I think a lunatic decision is good — better chance for acquittal on appeal."

Steve: "It's NOT a lunatic decision! It's a beautiful affirmation of American democracy and the liberal theory of truth: you take two positions, either of which might be true, and you arrive at a compromise that could not possibly be true."

Oakland, September 9--After ten weeks in the murder trial of Huey P. Newton, the least--the ultimate--freakout of American society had not occurred, Huey could not be legally, antiseptically murdered. Disappointment, anger, dismay and frustration--Huey had not been acquitted. Disgust--what kind of a nonsensical verdict: guilty of manslaughter, not guilty of assault, and a ruling of a felony on a previous conviction of a knife attack.

Huey said, "I don't understand the verdict." Later he commented, "They didn't have the guts to decide the case on its merits. It was a racist sellout."

They didn't have the guts, those jurors, they were ordinary people asked to have inordinary courage. They were a Langendorfer white sandwich loaf jury, just homogenized bread. They were conscientious, they exhausted themselves through four days of intent listening to evidence and battled deliveration. They wanted to do "the right thing."

From time to time during the four days they deliberated, there were some hints for speculation. Shortly after being locked in the jury room the jury chose David B. Harper, the black Bank of America loan officer, as foreman. Twice Thursday afternoon and Friday morning, the jury returned to the court room to listen attentively through most of the lengthy transcript of testimony of Oakland police officer Herbert Heanes, star witness bus driver Henry Grier, Oakland police officer Gilbert Dejoyos, the first officer on the scene after the shooting.

Saturday evening, again the jury returned to the court room requesting that the court read them instructions for justifiable homicide. There are no instructions for justifiable homicide in this kind of case, but the request indicated that the jury--with no evidence of a gun, and only the suspect and highly contradictory testimony of bus driver Grier and counter-testimony of bus passenger Tommy Miller, that it was too dark to see out of the back of the bus--was considering that Huey had shot Frey. That this jury could in one moment put a gun which never materialized in fact or evidence into Huey's hand and in the next moment consider that a shooting might be justified, also indicated that they were not acting as jurors whose repsonsibility was to deliver a verdict based on the evidence before them.

They were red-eyed, angry, drawn, drained, taut and distraught; a couple of the women looked like they might have been crying. Jury foreman Harper appeared to be in a controlled rage, determined. The jurors looked neither at each other, Huey, nor anyone else in the courtroom.

Judge Monroe Friedman read aloud the instructions covering first and second degree murder, and manslaughter with definitions of intent, "malice aforethought" expressed and implied, and state of mind. Part of the description for manslaughter included, "any normal reasoning person might have done the same thing in the circumstances."

Sunday morning, only fifty-seven minutes after convening, the jury returned to the courtroom, the last time before giving their verdict. They requested Friedman reread the same instructions. This time they just looked haggard. Harper was no longer the determined black man; he looked as if he had been forced to give up some portion of himself. It was a bad time for acquittal to most of us who had for weeks been at the trial, and had felt Harper would be the determining factor in the direction of the verdict.

A schizophrenic verdict, a verdict inconsistent with its precepts, and a verdict contrary to evidence that had been delivered--for these reasons the appeal will be easier. That a manslaughter verdict was reached, instead of there being a hung jury, means that Huey has been acquitted of first and second degree murder and cannot be retried for these charges. It further means that he will not in a retrial face the possibility of a death sentence or life imprisonment.

Alex Clairey--LNS

MARCUSE INVITED

A teach-in sponsored by the U of W Draft Resistance Union in conjunction with the Philosophy Department will be held on October 15th and 16th. On the 15th, Tuesday, a series of speakers, including the Hon. Tran Van Dinh, ex-ambassador from Viet Nam to the U.S.; Hillary Putnam, Harvard philosophy professor, activist in the Boston Area Draft Resistance; Todd Gitlin, past president of SDS, writer for the San Francisco Express Times; Eldridge Cleaver, author of Soul on Ice, information minister for the Oakland Black Panthers, Peace and Freedom candidate; Terry Cannon, member of the Oakland Seven indicted for conspiracy during October Stop the Draft Week, editor of the Movement; Father Art Melville, Catholic missionary expelled from Guatemala for aiding guerillas; David Harris, Stanford University Student Body President, one of the four original members of Resistance, husband of Joan Baez; will be in the HUB ballroom. Herbert Marcuse has been invited.

On Wednesday several of the speakers and local resistance people will hold workshops in various rooms in the HUB (will be posted). The Panthers will conduct two workshops; one just for blacks.

It is hoped that through the information made available on these two days many will find the need to make a commitment and that more will reaffirm their commitment with action. PAT COSTELLO

POLICE HOVERCRAFT SCOUR THE RUINS OF THE COLLAPSED BRIDGE, BUT THEY FIND NO TRACE OF JOHN OR OLGA OR THE ELECTRIC WOMB OF Ω-84.

POLICE

UNSEEN BY THOSE ABOVE, THE ELECTRIC WOMB SINKS BELOW THE SURFACE...

BZZZZZ

GULUMPH!

...BUT NOT UNNOTICED BY THOSE BELOW -

IDENTIFY YOURSELF
NO ADMITTANCE

MEANWHILE
MANY MILES AWAY, A MEETING OF THE HIGHEST ECHELON OF THE ESTABLISHMENT DRAWS TO A CLOSE...

POLICE
A-3

GET TO THE POINT, DR. SCHWARZHERZ!

THE POINT IS THIS: INCORRIGIBILITY, LIKE DOCILITY, IS A GENETIC TRAIT. ACCIDENTALLY, A TOTALLY INSTABLE DEVIANT WAS CREATED IN OUR LAB. THIS MUTANT-DESIGNATED "Ω·84" - WAS STOLEN BY ITS GENETIC DONORS AND IS STILL UNACCOUNTED FOR...

UNTIL WE HAVE POPULATED THE EARTH WITH SPINELESS MUTANTS, OUR SOCIETY WILL REMAIN PRIMED FOR REVOLUTION - WAITING ONLY FOR A SPARK. IF Ω·84 EVER MATURES ITS VERY PRESENCE WILL CATALYSE REVOLT. WE MUST DESTROY IT - BEFORE IT DESTROYS US!

SINCE THIS THING IS YOUR BABY, YOU FIND IT AND KILL IT... AND DONT FAIL! ONE LAST ITEM: WE HAVE REPORTS THAT YOU WERE MOLESTING TEST FEMALES - WE WILL NOT TOLERATE IMMORALITY! VERSTEHEN! YOU MAY LEAVE NOW, DR. SCHWARZHERZ

DOWNSTREAM FROM WHERE WE LAST SAW Ω-84...

UNITED FISHERIES INC.
ROBOT STATION 7

THE PIGS ARE COMING!

INDIAN FIGHT FOR FISHING RIGHTS

FISHING IS FORBIDDEN

ANTI-POLLUTION P.T.

INDIAN POWER

SPECIAL "POLICE BRUTALITY OF THE FUTURE" PANEL - CLIP & SAVE!

JA491

POLICE

FREEDOM NOW

ARRRGH

FUGGG!

ZZZZZ



Don't buy California grapes

Locally the California grape boycott has begun to score a few victories. First, the black consumer co-ops in the Central District agreed to take grapes from their shelves and recently both White Front and A & P have fallen in line. A & P did this after extensive picketing and boycotting of their stores. Currently discussions are taking place with the heads of other chain stores to try to bring them over. Picketing of some chain is being planned this weekend and next week, but it has not been decided which chain. For more information call MU 2-8353 or 743-3307 (nights).

Nationally, the strike is entering a crucial phase. September is the peak of the grape harvest and every additional boycott pressure is being applied. The sale of grapes has dropped 20% and the markets in New York, Boston, Detroit, and Chicago are being closed down. A successful boycott and strike could break the ground for farmworkers organizing throughout the country. The power brokers of California--including Ronald Reagan--realize this and have come out in support of the growers. Tricky Dick has also said he will eat grapes and drink wine whenever and wherever possible. Viva la Huelga. DON'T BUY GRAPES!!!



photo by Dave Warren

PETER CAMEJO. Speaking to rally on campus.

SWP

"So who's going to win anyway?"

Paul Boutelle had just answered a self-imposed comment concerning the problem of the SWP running its own campaign while supporting the Black Panthers and "their" candidate Eldridge Cleaver. (He had overlooked the fact that Cleaver is running nationally and locally on the Peace and Freedom Party ticket.)

Boutelle, Vice-Presidential candidate for the Socialist Workers Party, an allegedly Trotskyite organization, was speaking at the Seattle SWP's nominating convention at the East Madison YMCA.

A Black man, Boutelle described himself as both a nationalist and a socialist. He stressed the need for change in the American situation "by any means necessary" and called for a labor party.

Answering the question of why the SWP decided to run him, a Black man, second on the ticket to Fred "Big Red" Halstead, Boutelle commented that the SWP only "discriminated against capitalists," in addition to pointing out that they were both workers and they did belong to the Socialist WORKERS Party.

Preceding Boutelle at the podium was Peter Camejo, one of the few SWP'ers nationally with any class or style. He began delivering a quite witty speech concerning the manner in which the establishment control s peoples' minds.

However, the first part of the meeting threatened to be a bomb. In fact, at exactly 8 30 p.m., Tom Leonard came up to the podium, interrupting Camejo, to announce that there had been a bomb threat and everyone had to leave the building for awhile.

When the loyal trooped back in fifteen minutes later, Camejo termed the threat as just another "false promise from the right."

Camejo stated that Blacks would be the vanguard of the revolution, while those in the YSA would be the future leaders of the movement.

Other speakers were Debbie Leonard, SWP candidate for U.S. Senate, and Will Reisner, candidate for state legislature, 37th District (running against, among others, PFP's Walt Crowley).

At this point, it is not known whether the SWP collected enough signatures to make the ballot.

Mark Krasnowsky

NEW PARTY

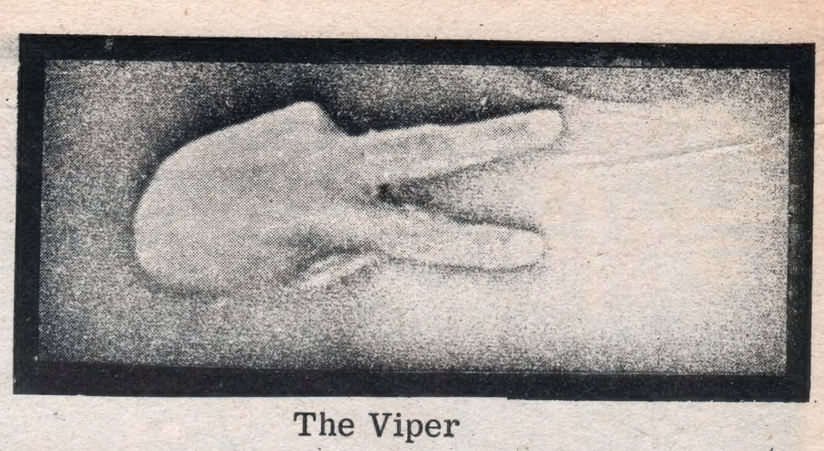
In the wake of the tragedy that was the Democratic Convention (the Republicans have apparently adopted farce as their Conventional literary genre), the loose coalition of dissident Democrats, left-liberals, and disillusioned McCarthy supporters has been trying desperately to transform itself into a viable political movement. The New Party, the fledgling political party now rising from the ashes of Chicago, is, thus far, the nearest approximation to that movement. Organized on a national level by Marcus Raskin of the Institute of Policy Studies in Washington, D.C., the New Party is now on the ballot in 20 states. McCarthy's reluctance to run on their ticket has left the NP without a national presidential candidate but local New Party organizations will run locally determined presidential candidates or a slate of uncommitted electors.

Locally, the New Party is being organized by Hascal Humes and Shirley Siegel. At their state convention, more than the required 100 voters registered to ensure the New Party a place on the state ballot. At this point, the local organization has no presidential candidate...in fact, one of the local candidates claimed he didn't want one, saying "It would detract from the seriousness of the party." However, Co-chairman Humes has been trying to contact Dick Gregory, now somewhere in Europe, and the ticket may be headed by Gregory and Michael Harrington. Candidates for local offices are: Irving Hogenauer for Congress in the 1st District, Hascal Humes for King County Commissioner and Gerald Dahl for State Representative - 45th District.

AMERICA

6

All was magnolia blossoms and victory cheers for the new right the evening of September 17 as Governor George Wallace was assured a spot on the Washington State ballot by a convention attended by well over 500 registered voters. Washington had the singular honor of being the 50th state to give its voters a chance to "Stand Up for America!" according to the convention chairman, John DeCarlo, one of Wallace's chief aids.



The Viper

The American Party convention, which the chairman called "the official George Wallace for President convention" was held in the Colonial Manor. The large meeting room was packed. The people attending the convention were clean-shaven, well-fed, middle-aged and uptight. There were real estate men, Boeing production line workers, Doctors, people sporting "National Riflemen's Association" patches. There were more men than women, and most women there came with their "menfolk." There was nothing strange about the convention participants, really. The only beard was on the face of an 80 year old man. The rest looked like every Rotary Club, Elks Lodge, Commercial Club and Merchants Association meeting that's ever been photographed.

The Convention took a matter of minutes: "You're all here for one reason tonight-- to nominate the next president of the United States." Exhorted Chairman DeCarlo, "Now tell me you fine people; is this Wallace country?" "YES!" screamed the crowd.

But all is not happiness on the new right. Across town on primary day another group was meeting and nominating local candidates; the Conservative Party of Washington state was likewise meeting in solemn convention. Despite the fact that the Conservative Party had carried the ball in Washington state for Wallace so far the Governor was having nothing to do with home-grown enthusiasts. The "American Party" convention ("the official Wallace convention") was arranged by a staff flown to Seattle earlier this month from Alabama. Needless to say the Conservative Party was a bit miffed at Wallace's refusal to run with local candidates, but there was nothing the locals could do but hold their own convention and endorse the Wallace nomination. Roughly 300 voters attended the Conservative Party convention thus assuring a ballot position for their gubernatorial candidate. The party will also be running someone for state land commissioner and Congress in the 6th District, plus several legislative seats. The star of the Conservative ticket will undoubtedly be their candidate for Lieutenant Governor; Don Tait of the Yakima Eagle. That race is shaping up nicely with the Peace and Freedom Party nominating a full-time draft resistance organizer, Mike Leavy, for the same position. Mr. Tait will undoubtedly add much heat and color to the race.

Ironically, despite the fact that the Conservative Party is most concerned with law and order, that the convention was the only one of the six or so third party conventions to see any gun play that day.

Most of the polls do not show George Wallace with any particular strength in Washington and it remains to be seen if the "American Party" will actually be involved in a vigorous campaign here.

George Arthur





Crowley teaches at the Black Panther Convention.

PFP et al.

Will Daddy Warbucks blind the nation with his diamond stick pin?...Will Fearless Fosdick shoot an empty hole in everyone's head...when was the last time you got your check from Peking?.... are Zap comix published by the Springer Corp. in Berlin to soften the minds of the loyal revolutionary opposition?...a schmoo in every freezer or garage??

These questions were left unresolved at the Peace and Freedom Party Convention last Tuesday...however, imperialism-haters, every other issue of significance was discussed by all, candidates were selected, platforms planked, motions stirred, and signatures signed. The Immortal One Hundred cast their lots placing the erstwhile revolutionary PFP candidates before the voters of Washington State. In reality, over 200 signatures were collected and an estimated total of 500 to 600 people passed through the lunchroom doors of the Snoqualmie room that day...an odd collection of long haired kids driven indoors by the rain, a few grey hairs from the old PFP, a nucleus of grape-strike organizers, a frustrated mucician or two, and, of course, the radical establishment...quite a few of the "new faces" stayed on after the initial remarks by the candidates to participate in various committees...the platform committee was the largest and the scene of the most heated debate, and finally produced a rhetorically and ideologically sound document...the Juggernaut spaced the convention a bit around dinnertime, that is, just after the convention marched en-mass to the nearby A & P to worry clerks and shoppers about scabby grapes.... Behind the scenes anxiety about the arrival of the Party's Presidential Candidate obliterated most of the other events...Cleaver had expressed an interest in appearing at the PFP Convention and at the Black Panther Convention...evidentally he felt the Seattle brothers needed to get their heads straight on a few political matters...However at the last minute some difficulties which have yet to be clarified (except perhaps by the article from the BARB on this page) forced Cleaver to remain in Oakland.... A delegation from the PFP met up with a contingent from the Black Panther Party at the Sorrento Hotel to meet Cleaver at the airport....Eight Patrol Cars surrounded the Sorrento that night...Panthers patroled the interior of the building with walkie talkies...paranoia seems to be a way of life for most Panthers...the rumor that a plainclothes cop had infiltrated the building brought 20 brothers running up and down stairways and climbing fire escapes...meanwhile the delegation at the military-enroute-to-Vietnam-or-home-on-leave infested Sea Tac airport had gotten word that the California Adult Authority would not grant Cleaver permission to leave the state...Aaron Dixon kicked the unyielding cement walls and muttered"SHIT...Racist Dog Pigs....", the other brothers shuffled their boots and looked crestfallen...most of the wingtipped passersby thought they were members of the Black Berets the PFP delegation, including Vice-Presidential candidate Cal Winslow and State Legislature candidate Walt Crowley, drove through the rain listening to Jimi Hendrix _ wailing about the Drifter's Escape all the way back to the Sorrento Hotel where Crowley spoke to about 100 blacks jammed in the penthouse ballroom. Crowley praised the Panthers for polarizing and catalyzing, and earned a few "Teach On That's" from the audience for his remarks on the nature of violence (see photo on this page), Aaron Dixon spoke next about the necessity of taking up the gun, pussy power, the importance of blacks and whites working together for self defense and freedom...Aaron had hoped to create the first Black Panther Political Ticket in the nation and was understandably crestfallen when Cleaver said by telephone that he preferred to leave the electoral game to the Peace and Freedom Party.....By the time the PFP delegation got back to the Seattle Center the Convention was over....The Candidates had been nominated, the platform passed, the Representative to the National Organizing Committee had been chosen (Alice Armstrong, a tireless, selfless worker and worrier without whom the PFP in Washington State would probably still be imaginary), the party was (and is still) without any formal structure or rules, the spirit of Cleaver arrived at the Snoqualmie Room through the corpus of interlocutor Larry Baker who listened to the tape recording of the telephone message and then repeated what he heard to the audience...real "Soul on Ice..." The Candidates fielded by the PFP are Eldridge Cleaver and Cal Winslow for President and VP, respectfully, Mike Leavy for Lt. Governor, Judith Shapiro for 1st District Representative to Congress, Walter Crowley for 37th District Position A (roughly the U District) State Representative. These Candidates will travel Seattle and the State bringing the message of PFP to the eager ears of the oppressed masses, seriously, (see Weltschmertz somewhere in this issue) the candidates will attempt to "organize" and "educate" rather than win. If the PFP gets thousands of votes in the next election and withers away during December then it will have failed ...if the noise and hoopla of the election results in a party which is a little bit stronger a little more dedicated and a little better organized, with a few more members then it will have been worth the hassle. Hopefully as the PFP grows it will retain its spirit of participatory democracy and not fall heir to the closet full of petty woes that have haunted and eventually destroyed similar groups. At present the PFP is concentrating on its approach to college students and incoming freshmen especially; other projects include the Fish-In, Demonstrations, and office hunting. As someone said after the Convention, "There is sure a lot of shit you have to go through in building a party, I guess." TH

COME TO RADICAL ORIENTATION, WEDNESDAY,
Oct. 2 , HUB 3:30 pm Room 354

PAROLE HASSLE SPLITS CLEAVERS

by Stewart Albert BARB

The pigs are hunting Eldridge and Kathleen down, the way they went after Bonnie and Clyde.

This past Tuesday, Eldridge Cleaver's parole officer ordered him to leave his wife. The reason is that Kathleen exercised her inalienable right not to be a sitting duck at a shooting gallery.

She bought a Super Pig Riot Shotgun. Mrs. Cleaver has had her life threatened so many times that she has lost count.

But lately it has been the San Francisco Pigs themselves that have been openly telling her to make herself scarce or else.

When the shotgun and the heavy shells that go with it were bought, the clerk behind the counter in the Gun Store was so freaked that he called in the pigs and six of them stayed with him behind the counter while the purchase was being made.

Kathleen also intends to buy a pistol.

She told BARB "I went down to the Pig Station to apply for a permit to carry a concealed weapon and they told me they had issued only six permits in the last 2 years. Well, if that's true, there are a lot of businessmen carrying illegal weapons. I wonder why the pigs never move on them?"

She told me that she ate in the Pig's Public Cafeteria and she freaked everybody out. Their eyes followed her every move.

When Eldridge found out about his wife's purchase, he contacted his Parole Officer. Parolees are not allowed to associate with people who own guns.

Cleaver's parole officer visited his house in San Francisco, and when he saw the shotgun there he ordered Eldridge to move out.

There is no question that Kathleen has as much legal and moral right to carry a gun as she does to give a speech in Bobby Hutton Park; but Eldridge is a Parolee and a Panther, and in this society that means some petty bureaucrat has the right to tell a human being he can't sleep with his wife.

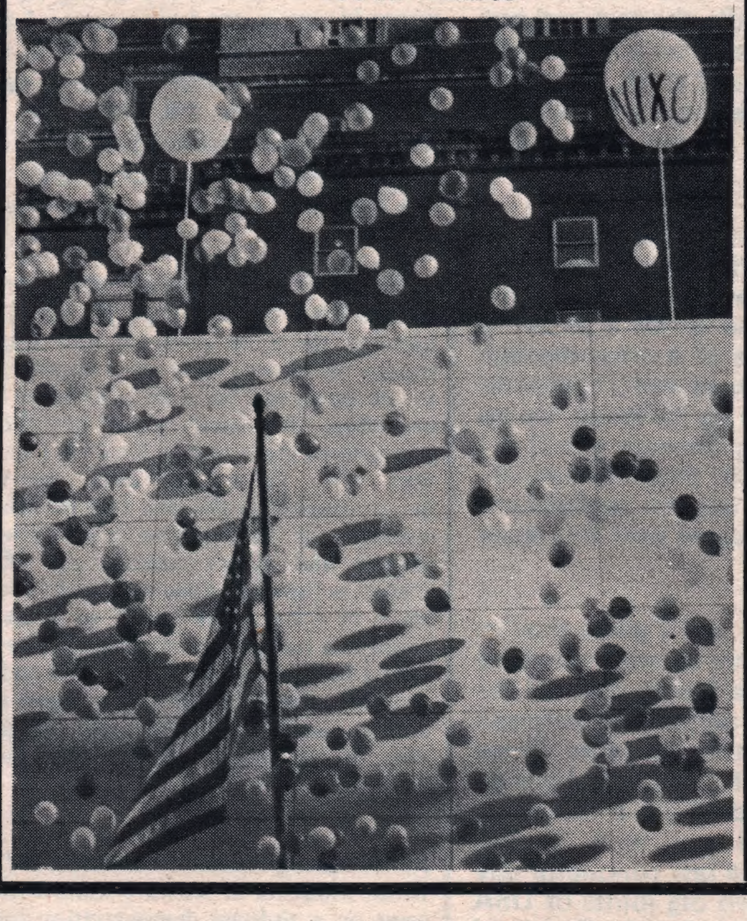
BALLOON MAN

Tuesday I went to my first major party presidential campaign rally. I had always heard presidential candidates didn't say anything, now I know it. Five thousand people including 100 or so Peace and Freedom Party demonstrators gathered for the occasion in the University Plaza. Balloons floated overhead and red, white, and blue girls paraded around. Businessmen, secretaries, and Secret Service men looked out windows. A few signs appeared in the windows including one "Win in VEIT Nam". The candidate was late but no one seemed to m mind as the Chinese community girls drum corps entertained.

Cal Winslow, PFP vice presidential candidate spoke about America. Not the Amer ica of Olympic Hotels and irrelevant issues but the America that creates ghettos and exploits people. Then came the candidate.

As a band played and hundreds of balloons floated skyward, the "next President of the United States" came to the speaker. He assured us he was a compassionate man despite his opponents statements to the contrary. He was for Lawmorder. Most important though, "I am a winner." The rally came to an ed and no one appeared to be "inspired and guided by the truth" as had been prom ised but there was no money back guarentee. Saturday the other candidate speaks to Seattle.

Scott White



CAN HUMP LICK DICK?

This Saturday our fair city will host yet another cast in the Presidential mold at DuPont Plastics Division. This model is Stained with the Blood of Chicago.

Persons wishing to express their concern are encouraged to gather at the Seattle Ice Arena at 8





POT TEST

HI, this is the HELIX
YEAH?
Hey, we heard you and some friends took part in some dope test up at the hospital, what was it?
Well, we heard that the motor vehicle people were doing this test to try and see how someone can handle a car when he's stoned and when he's juiced and when he's not anything. So we volunteered to do it--you--know--get loaded in the name of science-- I drive well stoned--I done it a lot--but kinda gassy having a cold computer check me for accuracy.
How'd they pick people?
Well the only criterion I guess is that I must have turned on enough so I could handle the test and not laugh all nite--And, you know, have had a little alchy in my time and not just pass out and stuff. Had to go through a short physical to check me for life--ended up rapping about the hip thing to the doctor--you know how it happens.
What did you do?
The idea was to get used to the machine first. It was a simulated driver car with steering wheel, and turn signals and all the floor pedals and all the things in a car dash. You'd sit in the seat and watch a screen in front where they'd show a movie of a drive through different critical situations in a town and a computer counter would measure reaction to different things that happen. After the first run through you'd get used to the film and kinda look for things to happen. Wow! I almost ran down a couple pedestrians, knocked off a guy's door and plowed over this chick on a l'il Honda.
What about the weed?
Three of us ran the test a week and I guess they've been doing it all summer . The guy running the show took us into a small room on the fourth floor of the hospital. Posters of of Joplin's nipple and Johnson grin with a joint hanging out faced each other. Crepe papers hung from the ceiling and a red light haze all over and tapes of Cream et al and all this food for us. The "trip" room was decked out with all the necessities of a "social high." The test conductor guy there rolled each of us these two big joints of USA Government Grass. It's supposed to be the first legal used for research. He had a big plastic bag full of this cleaned sifted, legal weed. It was strange sitting there smoking this stuff knowing it was a no-fear scene. The state director of the MV Department came in to see the test going on and joined us in the room, but wouldn't join us. The strangest scene was watching the STATE man roll those joints ever so carefully on his TOP roller and paint the edge of the papers with this little brush he dipped in water. He weighed each joint precisely and was really careful and all. Well, we got really loaded, and one by one drove the little movie machine, three times.
What about the booze?
Two nights later we came back and each had to drink this gigantic screwdriver, but the equivalent of about ten "social" drinks of straight grain alcohol, 95% and OJ. It was an instant up/down blah. Took a breathometer and showed a 1.2 (.15 is legally drunk) and was really a drag weaving around in the machine and I'm sure my scores were really down. It was neat being able to do both things with the same people.
Then what did you do?
Well two nights later we came back straight and drove again to see a normal effort. From talking with others the results seem to show that the stoned people drove as well or better than normal and did worse when drunk. The different highs seemed reasonable. I WAS stoned and I was drunk. A lot of factors may influence the findings but it's a first effort. The results are going to be published soon. I guess it was a gas being part of this first try. and the $10 we got was a help. It'll be nice to tell my grandchildren about the time we helped prove that people can drive OK on weed. By then it'll be like talking about prohibition now. It's only a matter of time til people understand, and I guess tests like these are the only way some people will understand.

Mexico City, Mexico, Sept. 15, (LNS) - One hundred thousand young people filled the streets of Mexico City in a somber, quiet march down the Plaza de la Reforma today, protesting the recent police brutality and government repression in Mexico. The march was the first peaceful non-violent demonstration in the past two months. The students, for the most part quiet, shouted no slogans and didn't ridicule the Olympic Games as they had done repeatedly recently. Most of them wore black suits and arm bands in a funeral-like procession. They were joined by housewives and workers and other supporters from Mexico City's largest unseen mestizo under-class. One sign caught the tone of the quiet march: "He who sows terror reaps revolution."

Johannesburg, South Africa, Sept. 13 (LNS) - White Students at Witwatersrand University went on a sitdown demonstration today to protest the expulsion of 200 black students from a nearby black university. The government threatened the white students with expulsion if they did not stop their protest by the next morning. The students, however, voted to stay.

† † †

Bogota, Colombia, Sept. 16 (LNS) - Students at the University of Caile occupied university buildings today and demanded that all Americans including all Peace Corps members leave the university. The students accused the Peace Corps of spying for the American Government. A Peace Corps spokesman said that the charge was not true and that the Peace Corpsmen planned to stay "no matter what happened."

† † †

RUMORS FROM AMERICA'S LAST FRONTIER SUGGEST THAT THE FROZEN NORTH MAY BE DEFROSTING AHEAD OF THE REST OF THE COUNTRY. AFTER A SERIES OF POT BUSTS IN THE FAIRBANKS AREA, THE STATE LEGISLATURE OF ALASKA PUSHED THROUGH A BILL LOWERING THE PENALTIES FOR POSSESSION OF MARIJUANA FROM FELONY TO MISDEMEANOR. NO HEARINGS, STUDIES, GOVERNOR'S COMMISSIONS OR MEDICAL REPORTS WERE NECESSARY; THE BUSTEES INCLUDED YOUNG PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE, EDUCATORS, AND, MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, THE CHILDREN OF SOME OF THE LEGISLATORS. NO FORCE CAN HALT AN IDEA WHOSE TIME HAS COME!

FACTS

On August 8th police were called to 1718 NW Market in response to a complaint about kids playing in the alley behind the Great Green Society, a head shop. When the police arrived the kids ran in the opposite direction of the shop. The police could not catch them so they came into the shop. There they checked ID and arrested the owner, Darwin Lumbattis, on charges of contributing to the delinquency of minors, curfew violation.

The next day articles appeared stating the police had chased the kids into the shop and had discovered a strange new society. Darwin was pictured as "high priest" and was leading young girls into the pits of sin surrounded by nude pictures. Here is Darwin's story.

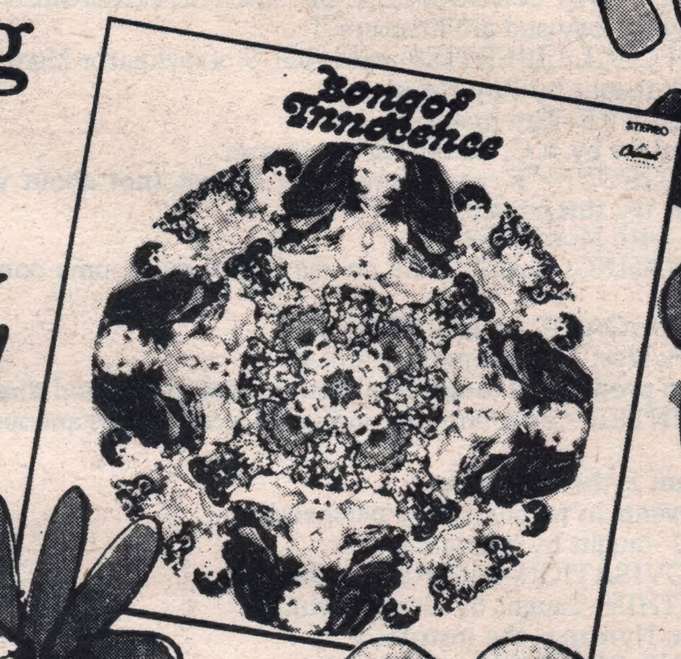
The police charged into his office, knocking a girl across the room and demanding to know where the culprits were. Darwin pleaded ignorance but offered to cooperate in any way possible as the kids might have been trying to break in the back. Despite this they said he was lying so he took them on a tour eventually leading to the back room where people were sitting around peacefully socializing. Darwin inquired whether anyone had just come in and the answer was no. He then asked the police if they recognized anyone and they told him not to get smart. Finding the back door padlocked and no windows the police stood there with nothing to do. So they proceeded to check ID's and asked whether their parents knew their whereabouts. All answered in the affirmative. After 45 minutes of this harassment the police decided it was time to take action. Two car loads of juveniles were taken to Wallingford Precinct and Darwin, now under arrest, followed in his own car. Not able to find any more charges against him, the police took Darwin downtown where he was released on personal recognizance the next morning.

On September 18th, Darwin went to court. The police were not there and all witnesses were. The case was quickly dismissed but that is not the end of it. Reading of all this in the newspaper, Darwin's landlady sent an eviction notice. She agreed with him that you can't believe every thing in newspapers so she went to Wallingford Precinct to find out the facts. Darwin has set up a new shop at 718 East Pike and all are welcome, even the police.

SONG OF INNOCENCE

...in which a vibrant confluence of mellifluous phenomenon proliferates the ignominious illations concerning the anthropocentric creed...

But a totally wigged out experience!



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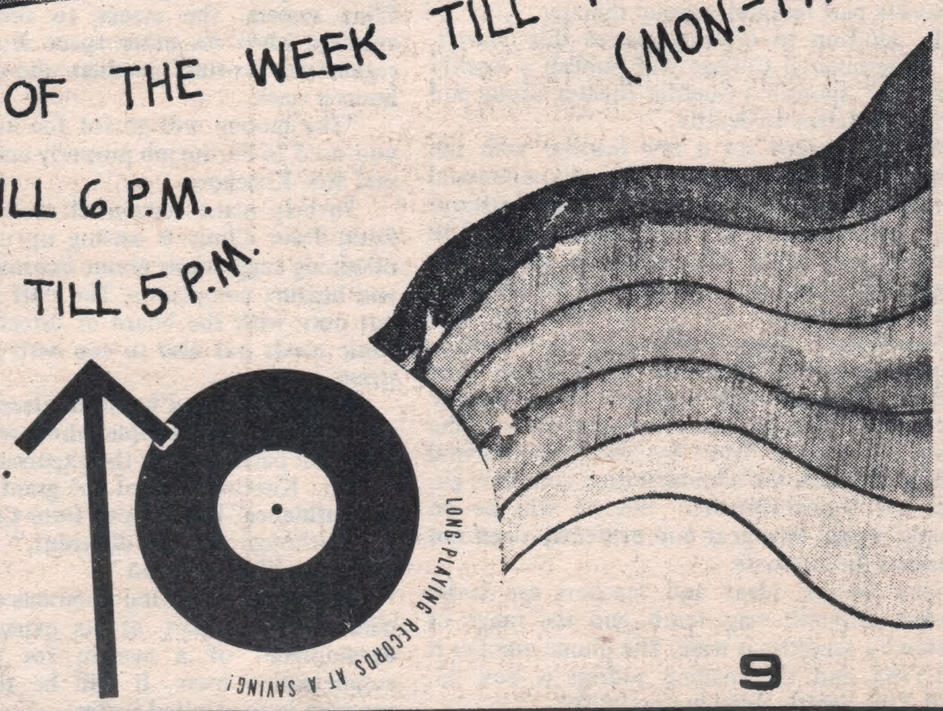
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OPEN SATURDAY - 10 AM TILL 6 P.M.

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4302 UNIVERSITY WAY N.E.
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discount record shops, inc.



FREE U

The Free U--breadless and placeless perhaps, but ready with a fall program.

Despite more than the usual scarcity of bread and the threat that new quarters may have to be found, the Free U is ready to issue catalogues for its fall schedule and to begin registering prospective students.

Registration is scheduled from Monday, October 7, through Friday, October 11, from 3 to 9 p.m. each day. Classes will begin October 14, and a general membership meeting will be held October 18 at 7:30 pm.

Most Free U courses run for eight weeks. Class schedules usually are determined by the instructor and students once the registration hassle has ended.

There are mushrooms on this fall's Free U schedule. Mushrooms, Go, Practical Magic, Contemporary Ideology, LSD, and "Through the Looking Glass."

The courses in mushrooms will be offered by Paul A. Stappenback (Steppenwolf?). It may offer a more practicable magic than Practical Magic.

The complete listing of other prospective Free U courses:

ACID (LSD-25)--open only for people who have never turned on.

INTRODUCTORY COURSE IN GO--learning, basic rules, elementary tactics, strategy of the game.

MAPPING THE EMOTIONAL CHARACTER OF THE ENVIRONMENT--combining "certain problems in psychology and architecture."

NEW DIRECTIONS IN CIVIL LIBERTIES--with ACLU coordinator Margaret Wolf.

MEDITATION MUSIC--taught by Ray Fasano.

NEW AMERICAN THEATRE--film making.

BHAGAVAD GITA--taught by A.C. Bhakivedanta Swami.

BASIC ENCOUNTER GROUP--"if you want to be honest (not about your past but about the here-and-now) try this course."

PRACTICAL MAGIC--with Monty West.

"THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS"--the course begins with some comments on "I am a Walrus."

INTRODUCTION TO ORGANIC CHEMISTRY--(!)

HATHA YOGA--Monty West and an empty stomach.

MAGAZINE--hoping to produce "a radical political journal of arts and discussion."

INNER CITY ENCOUNTER--"encountering individuals on a spontaneous basis on the streets."

KARATE--James Bryant is the instructor.

THE WEEK--current events in revolutionary perspective.

BEGINNING SEWING--taught by Sylvia Eaton.

THEATRICAL IMPROVISATION--with Robert Davidson.

PAINTING FROM WITHIN--Taught by Daryl Dodman.

ART FOR KIDS-Karen Nyman is the instructor.

ANTHROPOLOGY AND RELIGION--with Jeff Dann.

BODY DRAWING--taught by Selam Waldman.

The Free U is now at 39th and Brooklyn, near the Last Exit. But not for long. Anyone who knows of a possible new location in the District should relay that information to the Free U.

SENSITIVITY TRAINING--"participants will become consciously aware of how the feelings they have about themselves and others influence their inability to communicate openly."

ACCELERATED GROUP EXPERIENCE--it will include a 20-hour extended meeting and video tape playbacks.

EXPERIMENTAL COLLEGE

IF YOU'RE TIRED AND A BIT RUN DOWN.....

A group of students and faculty members at the University of Washington, tired of Henry Ford education, are attempting something different (hopefully) in the way of higher education. The thing is called the Experimental College and began last Spring Quarter. This Fall, it will have about 40 classes. It is sponsored and funded by the ASUW and is directed by an Anthropology graduate student, Larry Bailey.

Classes are open to anyone for $2 per quarter for any number of classes. Registration is in the HUB lobby during the first week of school (Sept. 30-Oct. 4). The only credit offered is for research under the direction of ex-UW Professor Monty West, who is now the Experimental College guest professor. All regular classes are non-credit.

The range is wide. Astrology, Palmistry and Physiognomy are being taught by local off-campus people. Monty West teaches Yoga and Amerindian sign-language. There are classes in Jazz Dance and Humanism as a Way of Life. Both beginning and advanced film making are taught.

A visiting professor in Political Science is teaching Political Science and The Next Decade. Another course, entitled "Multiplicity, Equanimity and Creativity," deals with the irrational factor in science. A professor from the medical school is teaching a study of heroes and there is a sort of free-for-all called "The Universe, Poetry and Old Orange Peelings." One last example--Clay Grubb is teaching Eastern Philosophy and the Existential Problems, which he says in part resembles group therapy.

In addition to offering classes this quarter, the Experimental College will publish a weekly newsletter, sponsor a Guerilla Theater Group and bring Skip James to Seattle.

So far, except for a few brushes with the University administration, the Experimental College has been left to make it or not without any interference or help from the UW establishment. Some administrators see it as a threat, others see it as a hope, but for the most part, they don't see it at all. But the Experimental College is picking up more faculty support and may turn out to be more than another idealistic student project. There already was considerable administrative concern over the hiring of Monty West by the Experimental College, because the administration considers Dr. West an "embarassment." But he will be on campus again this year and evidently does not embarass the students.

New course ideas and teachers are badly needed. Anyone may teach and the range of University facilities is wide. The phone number if 543-5785 and the mailing address is Box 93, HUB, UW, Seattle, Washington 98105.

ODC

The Open Door Clinic, where the door has never been locked and the phone has always been answered and where the need for bread is perhaps more persistent and more crucial than almost anywhere else, now has $25,000 in help coming from the State of Washington.

Even though the state has granted the $25,000, the clinic still needs more money–another $25,000–to meet adequately the needs of the people it serves, said Lee Kirschner, its founder and director.

And, Mrs. Kirschner emphasized, the state grant does not make the Open Door Clinic an establishment agency. Set up on a reimbursement basis to pay operating expenses of the clinic, the $25,000 still allows the clinic to function as it has since it started. In other words, as Mrs. Kirschner said, "Giving us our heads to solve it our way."

The bread will be supplied by the State Departments of Health and Institutions without any rules or regulations to govern the Open Door Clinic in the way it does its work. There is no implication in the granting of the funds, Mrs. Kirschner said, that the clinic will have to make any information available to the police about people who come to the clinic with drug problems.

Mrs. Kirschner and the clinic's staff of 130 volunteers will appeal to private sources and foundations for the other $25,000 which the clinic must have to meet expanding services. In its beginning months, for instance, the clinic conducted one medical clinic a week; now it has five.

Among other urgent needs are furnishings, a filing system, the means to rent rooms for crashers when no other space is available, and regular pay for staff members who work 40 to 50 hours a week.

"The money will go for the kinds of things you need to do the job properly and efficiently," said Mrs. Kirschner.

To help make certain all needs are met, the Open Door Clinic is setting up a program for obtaining suggestions about improved operations and hearing complaints. The staff plans to meet not only with the board of directors to discuss clinic needs but also to rap with people on the street.

A suggestion box has been placed at the clinic this week so that people who use the facilities there can participate in the expansion.

Mrs. Kirschner called the grant a "statement of confidence" in the Open Door Clinic.

"Although we are different," she said, "we are responsibly different."

One of the most vital programs devised by the clinic staff as part of its expansion will be development of a system for treatment of amphetamine users. It will be the only such program in the United States.



unusual sex

Can't be had if it's not in here: Sex intercourse education books, gynaecological studies, nude chicks of all colors & nationalities, young nude males, dominant types, polaroid studies, open crotch photos, models to pose to your instruction by mail, sophisticated desires, erotica, star films, action films, homosexuality, lesbianism, M & F artificial organs, aphrodisiacs, sex aids, unusual garments, stag records, swingers clubs, uninhibited correspondence, inter-racial, cancel out and homophile clubs, etc. These are only a few of over 1,000 items—the most complete catalogue of adult products ever assembled. Many sources advertise in no other publication, and over 20% are in far-away countries. This $10 value can be yours for only $3.50, when you become a discreet, satisfied user of the Adult Yellow Pages. No matter how bizarre it is, you'll find whatever you seek, or subconsciously desire.

KRENT, P.O. Box 636, San Francisco, CA 94101

(Orders sent out same day received).

FISH-IN II

On September 4, SDS, Peace and Freedom Party, and other radical organizations announced an alliance with the Indians by joining with the Nisqually Indians, (a group Governor Evans calls the "Renegades") in a fish-in on the Nisqually River. Since that time, 17 Indians and non-Indians have been arrested on charges ranging from illegal net fishing to "obstructing justice." The camps of the persons involved have been tear-gassed twice and several people have been beaten by officials of the state.

On Friday, September 13, the state raided several sites where nets were located and guards were posted. Approximately sixty state pigs bravely overcame three guards at one site and four guards at another and confiscated the Indian nets and boats. While the pigs did their work at the fish site, the state patrol pigs set up road blockades to stop other persons involved in the fish-in from reaching their comrades. Four persons were arrested in this raid with charges ranging from carrying a loaded rifle in a moving vehicle to resisting arrest. On the same day Hank Adams and Suzette Bridges, two leaders of thy Indians (Suzette's father had been arrested in the raid) and Robbie Stern, a member of SDS, disrupted Governor Evans' press conference in Seattle and accused him and the State of committing genocide agains the Indians.

Because the state has confiscated over $25,000 worth of fishing equipment over the last several years and collected over $5,000 in bail since September 4, the Indians and non-Indians have decided to suspend fishing until October 1, and to begin a major effort to gather funds and manpower. The Indian Rights Committee has been formed to collect funds for fishing equipment, defense, bail, food and for a large fish-in confrontation with the state beginning on October 13. Efforts will also be made to recruit people from all over the country to come to Franks Landing on the Nisqually River starting October 1, and continuing until the struggle for Indian fishing rights is won. Participants will be asked to defend Indian fishermen and their nets from state officials.

The issue of Indian fishing rights is a simple manifestation of a much larger issue. In the years 1965-1966, it was twice as deadly to be an Indian in America as it was to be a soldier in Vietnam. There were 6,373 deaths among 472,000 U.S. soldiers in Vietnam, and 10,178 deaths among 400,000 identifiable Indians in America. There has been a systematic effort on the part of various governmental units to extinguish Indian culture and heritage. The Red people are clearly among the most oppressed people in this society. They represent another important group that will join with the other oppressed people of the society to destroy their oppressors.

For our immediate struggle we need funds and people. Send your donations to the Indian Rights Committee, 3822 Woodlawn North, Seattle Washington 98103. Anyone who desires to participate and seeks further information should write to the same address.

ROBBIE STERN

PARTY at... joslins

SATURDAY--- OCTOBER 5

3311 BURKE AVE. N.

NEAR GRAMMA'S COOKIES - yum -

U'S' CUSTOMS COPS 35 TONS

More than 35 tons of marijuana were seized by customs officials during the year ending June 30. It was an all-time record grab. Last year 13 tons were seized, the year before that 5.

JUDGE LEGALIZES ACID IN OREGON

Portland, Oregon, August 24 (LNS) -- Oregon law prohibiting the use of LSD has been ruled invalid by Circuit Court Judge Samuel Bowe.

In dismissing charges of illegal possession of LSD against James Patrick Audrey of Medford, Oregon, the judge ruled that the state had not followed the proper procedure in certifying LSD as a dangerous drug.

The DA of Josephine County immediately dropped charges of illegal possession against seven other persons.

MECKI MARK MEN

A TOTAL EXPERIENCE IN SOUND

POWER IN MUSIC CAN BE FRIGHTENING.
POWER IN MUSIC CAN ALSO BE BEAUTIFUL.
AND WHEN THE MECKI MARK MEN
COMBINE THE TWO—IT IS EXQUISITE.

ALBUM LS 86054 . . . A NEW ALBUM RELEASE ON LIMELIGHT
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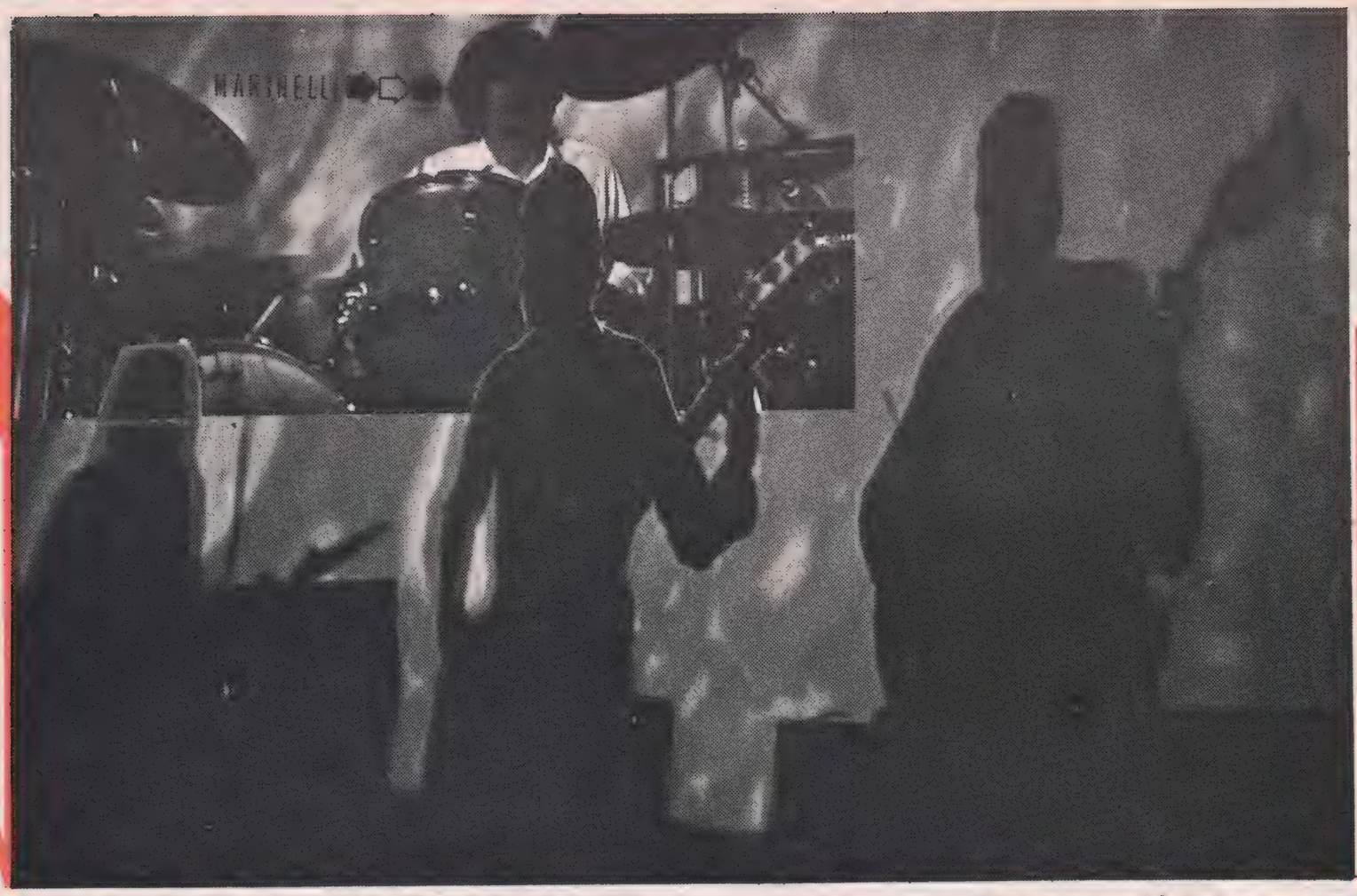
LIMELIGHT

RCA

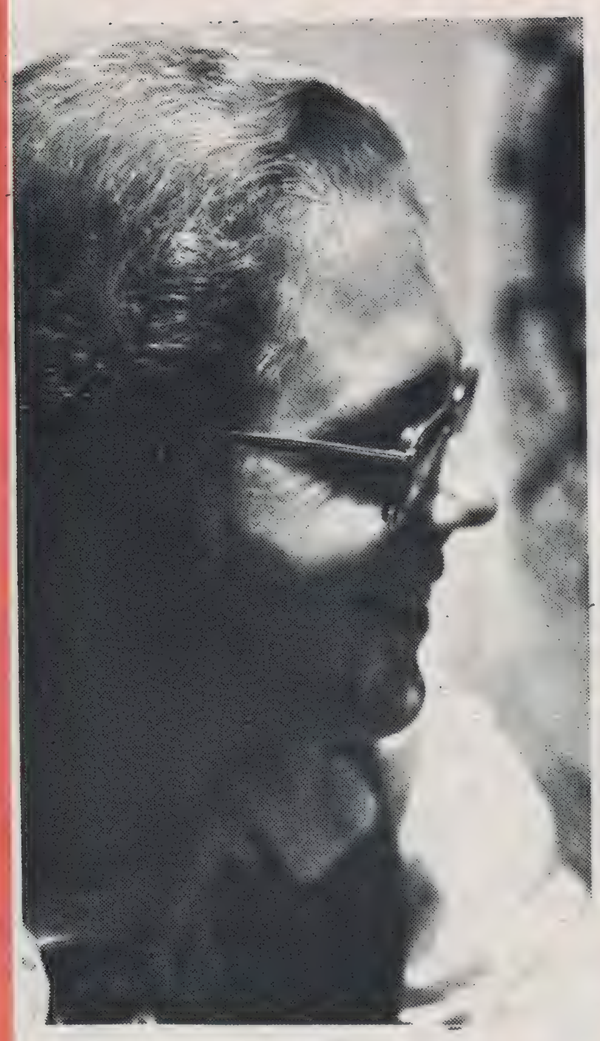
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TALES OF THE YUKON

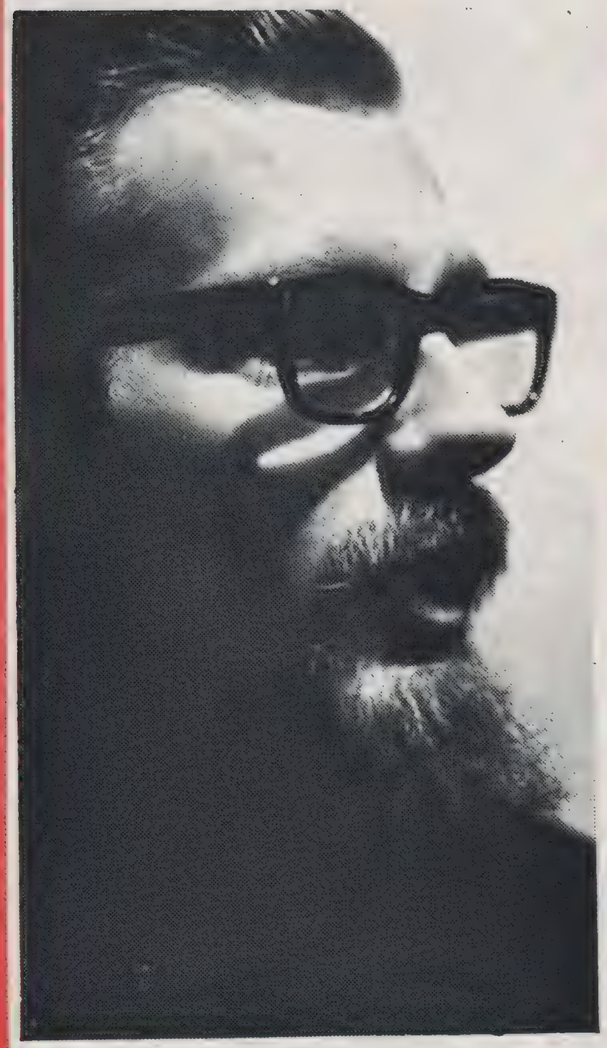
Hank Snow



FLOATING CUNNICK BRIDGE



DANGEL



JOHANSEN

"I got a sweet little angel, I love the way she spread her wings."
Penetrating The Dark Void Blues--B.B. King

For the past four months Seattle has possessed a new band, The Floating Bridge, and potentially maybe the best group to come out of the Puget Sound since the Flash.

The Bridge is made up of four instrumentalists: Michael Marinelli (drums), Joe Johnson (bass) Joe Johansen and Richard Dangel (guitars) and vocalist Pat Gossan With a separate, non-guitarist vocalist, both guitars play lead (alternating and intertwining) rather than, say, a lead and a rhythm/vocal.

Except for Sky River and a gig at Eagle's, most of the Bridge's short life has been spent at Mr. P's, a club/bar where, if nothing else, they were fairly free because nobody really understood. Most of their instrumentals (from the times I've seen them, about half of their repertoire) were composed by members of the group, and "drunks kept coming over and asking for Louie Louie."

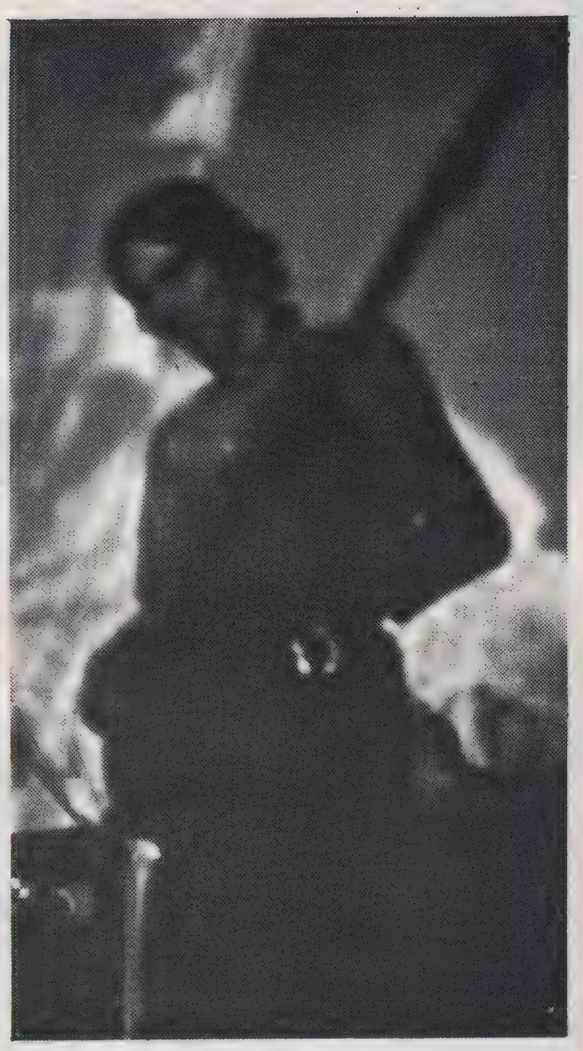
Johansen: "Yeah, they said we were playing Psychedelic music. I said, 'Just tell me what I'm doing that's Psychedelic, and I'll quit it.' ...we're about as un-psychedelic a group as I know... except we have a bass player who's a saint--he never talks. He doesn't play like a frustrated guitar player, he plays like a bassist."

Johnson (bass as opposed to Johansen, guitar) incidentally, left Ron McClure, Lloyd's bass player, more than somewhat excited when McClure was in town recently; and later, on a trip to LA to talk to record companies, was almost dragged off by Janis Joplin, out hunting musicians after having split from Big Brother.

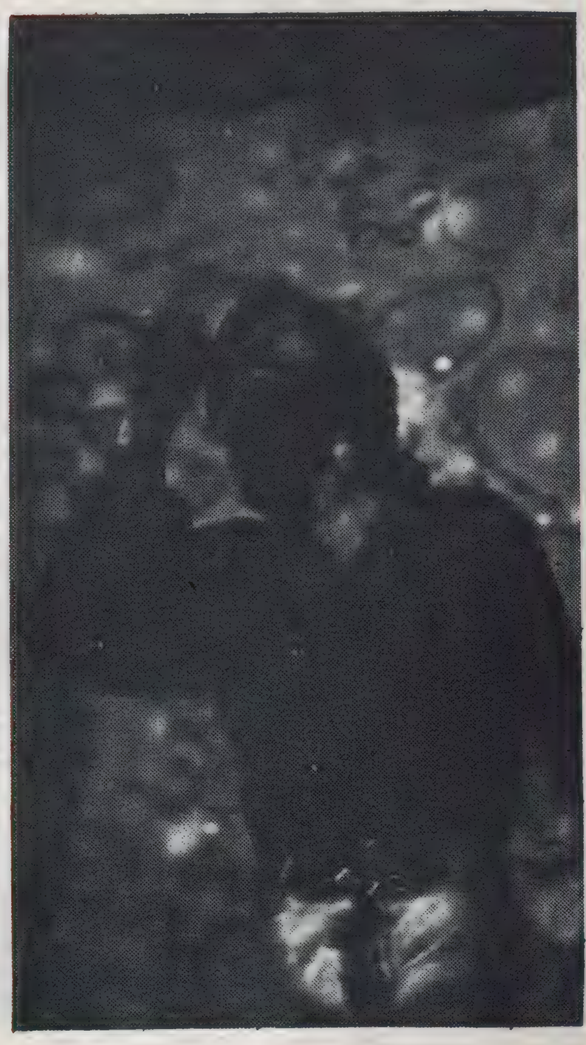
Johansen is a long time Seattle blues guitarist, who played with an taught Larry Coryell. Quotes are approximate: "I started playing professional, with a group when I was fourteen...I think they called it Western Swing.... Later I played with a spade group, the only white cat there, and I figured I was good.... I went to see B.B. King one night, and his first note stopped me cold on the floor.... I went back to my guitar case, and decided to get it down right. B.B. is where what I play came from--it's where everybody playing blues today came from, directly or indirectly... when I first met him, he offered me a cigarette and I didn't know whether to smoke it or save it.... He taught me one thing: don't try to say more than you have to say."

Other musicians came from here and there. Marinelli from Texas (I thing), Dangel did time on the Pat O'Day circuit (and is good, and I don't understand the music business) while PatGossanjust walked in one day and asked to sing.

The Bridge is at present hunting for a good company to record with; an lp makes it easier to get good jobs and when musicians are working, they can afford things like real amplifiers so they can hear what each other is playing.



JOHNSON



GOSSAN

Pics: Rick Glasset

INDIAN HENRY'S DOG PACK





The bank foreclosed its mortgage on Indian Henry's sister in the dead of winter, and she went off to the reservation. But Henry was damned if he would, and decided to weather it out in the cabin on the mountain. With what little money he had he bought a pack of arctic dogs, and the bacon and dog food he would need to keep himself til spring; packed the food on the sled, and tied up the dogs and headed for the frozen meadows. It was hard going with the dogs. They were unruly and didn 't, in fact, like the cold. When he got to the cabin and built up the fire, the pack of eight crowded so close upon the stove he had to kick them back to cook his food. They wouldn't go out unless he pushed them out, and then they howled at the door most pitifully; it was too cold.



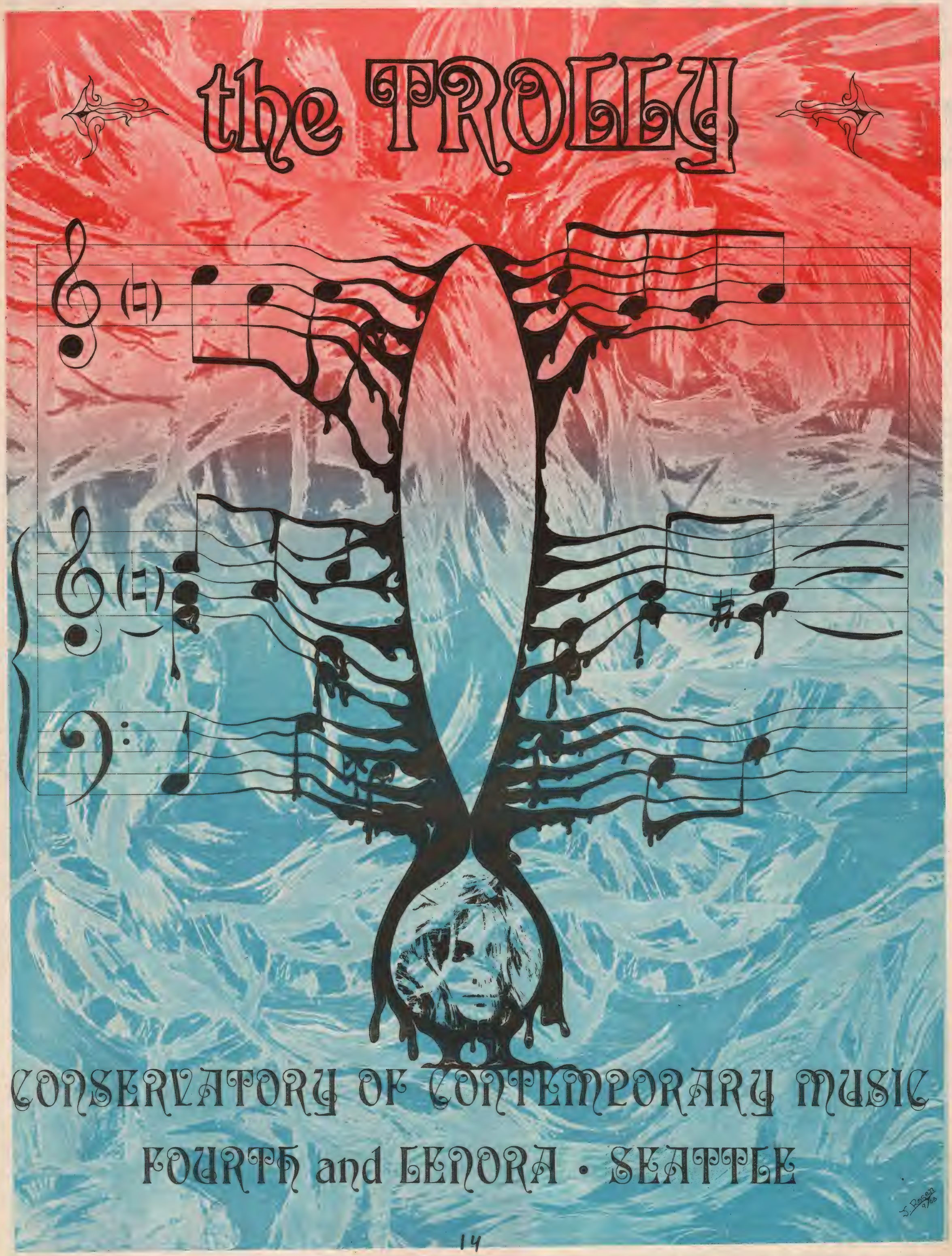
But when they had eaten, they would get to playing. The chairs were broken the table turned over, the blankets pulled off the bed and torn up. Like wind in a pile of leaves, they flung themselves about, snarling, barking, growling, till Henry's shouts to order were drowned out. They slept all over, two or three of them on top of him. Then they duplicated. By the time the snow began to melt and the glaciers to recede, there were not less than thirty dogs in the cabin. Indian Henry declared to them he had had enough of them; they were going back down to Puyallup in a line. And every damned one was going to be sold, Henry told them, to a cruel master. That made the dogs gloomy.

Henry tied them to a beam nailed against the side of the cabin while he packed his board for the trail to the town. But these were substantial dogs. One and all they set their shoulders against the thongs that held them, and they pulled the cabin off its foundations. Henry leaped out of the door yelling, but that only set them to pulling harder. Down the meadow into the woods the cabin went, Henry coming after, trying to hold the cabin back, then throwing stones to stop the dogs. The cabin crashed into the trees, and burst into splinters, and the dogs were free, and with a great yelping, rushed in a pack down the canyon.

"Ungrateful, graceless, mongrels," Henry yelled after them, but they would stop for nothing. Big dogs and little dogs, males and females, with their tails up in the air; Henry could hear them yapping and barking well down in the canyon. Nor did they come back. Henry told this tale in Puyallup when he was down in the fall with his skins, and a cousin from the reservation said that they had been invaded by a pack of dogs. No one could do anything with them. They were still going about, doing what came into their minds, playing with the children, stealing the drying fish, fighting, and sleeping in the streets; and Indian Henry could come and get them if he wished. He thought he wouldn't.



by
RICH BEYERS


the TROLLEY
CONSERVATORY OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC
FOURTH and LENORA • SEATTLE
J. Rosen 9/68

SKY RIVER ROCK FESTIVAL

In all the excitement of the recent SKRF, not much notice was taken of the sponsoring organization, the New American Community, Inc. The NAC is a non-profit, humanitarian organization, incorporated in the State of Washington, organized for educational, cultural, and charitable purposes. Its activities include the presentation of public programs and events for their educational and cultural values and as a means of raising funds on behalf of organizations which share the New American Community goal of bringing into free and meaningful participation the American Community persons now separated from such participation by barriers of racism and poverty. Income from activities is used to pay operating expenses of the corporation, including salaries, program and event expenses, grants to organizations, & interest on loans, and for capitalization of the corporation.

The festival is over for a year, but the work of the NAC continues right now, we are in the process of acquiring a permanent site, in King County, which will be developed for our activities in the coming year. The site will be organized as a communal farm, and work will begin almost immediately so that we can be ready as soon as possible. To do this, the NAC needs immediately all sorts of things. For example:

VOLUNTEERS: skilled electricians, carpenters, secretaries, bookkeepers, construction workers, heavy equipment operators, welders.

DONATIONS OR LOANS: TV, HI-FI, radios, antennaes, sewing machines, washer-dryer.

OFFICE EQUIPMENT: Typewriters, ditto machine, postage machine.

TOOLS: Hammers, nails, wrenches, axes, picks, shovels, drills, sledges.

HEAVY EQUIPMENT: Machinery - skill saw, table saw, chain saw, grinder, trucks, bus.

MISCELLANEOUS: plumbing fixtures, light fixtures, garbage cans. Dark room equipment.

CLOTHING: rain gear, boots, etc.

BEDDING: mattresses, sleeping bags, blankets, pillows, sheets, etc.

FOOD

KITCHEN EQUIPMENT: pots, pans, eating utensils, stoves, refrigerator, etc.

And we need money -- the Sky River Rock Festival and Lighter than Air Fair lost approximately $5,000, due to the rain, the lack of security, and the general mismanagement attendent on our lack of experience with a festival of this scope (the first time is always the hardest). But there emerged from the Festival an organization which is capable of doing other festivals and and events. More importantly, there emerged a sense of community, which makes future events worth doing.

If you are interested in working with the NAC, then fill in the application, send it to 3120 Harvard East, and we will arrange an interview.

If you are interested in donating money or equipment or anything else, then call the New American Community at EA 9-6655.

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SAWYER

is leaving Seattle and that could mean something. Because Paul Sawyer has been in the thick of what might be called a scene, maybe even a Seattle scene although it doesn't necessarily collect on streetcorners or rear itself where it might be most easily inspected yet behind all the energy exhibited on the streets and in the homes and in the festivals within the dance halls and all that, Paul Sawyer has been working for about the last two years that he's been in Seattle. I know because I've had a lot of consequential contact with Paul. An example would be this paper, it was Paul who when I first met him through the context of accummulating curriculum for the Free University some year and a half ago, it was Paul who suggested that a paper might be a nice thing and that opened my head to the possibility. But it was Paul essentially who started it by planting the thought. It was Paul for instance who was responsible for the Overall Cooperative Structure. Which maybe we don't remember too well now but when that thing was happening one year ago, it was responsible for starting at Eagles a kind of experiment which wasn't profit making, which was a cooperative of several bands including the Crome Syrcus, the Blues Interchange and the Union Light Company to put on light show-dances or indoor celebrations. This little interview is constructed as a farewell to Paul who's going as least as far as Berkeley and maybe further. So, Paul, Why?

PAUL SAWYER (PS): First out is going to be Kesey's Farm in Eugene for two days to just do some contemplation there. There are a couple of things in the back of my head to do, one is to check out in Berkeley whether some fruition of the cultural revolution might come forth in some forms that might be interesting maybe religiously. There's a gal that we know very well who has a lot of dough who wants to start an artist's commune, who has brought three and a half acres on Grisley Hill and wants to get some notions of how to put that together. Then I'm interested maybe in an experimental church project in Boston that might or might not materialize. Sitting right in the middle of Boston Common and all of the hip activities at the foot of Beacon Hill.

PD: You're originally from Boston, right?

PS: Yeah.

PD: How long ago was that?

PS: I came out and went to California in 1955, so it's thirteen years on the West Coast. And I've lived now in what I consider the three major centers of the West Coast; Bay Area three years, LA for 8 years and 2 years in Seattle. And each time I leave one of these centers, I have a good deal of grief I think really I've always seen my vocation in terms of kind of a religious calling in a very traditional sense and now I understand the call in a very mystical sense. The liberal church has always been in kind of secular reaction to traditional language, Now I think that is what you are that is what happens in fact vocation-wise: a calling, and I've come to understand the calling more and more in terms breaking forth almost at the edge of the thing that feels significant. I think this becomes increasingly important to try to understand it to comprehend it and articulate it traditionally as a preaching role but away from the intensive didactic teaching and more toward a perceptual, a poetic thing.

PD: You made an experiment of this sort with a congregation here in Seattle which in terms of your being called there wasn't a hell of a lot of listening. You eventually left the congregation because the congregation there or part of it didn't respond to this kind of homelitics.

PS: That's next; the Seattle thing. There were two tings going that were a little contradictory. First of all when I came up from LA I was leading myself into a sense of retreat from the busy work: the institutional business of churches that fairly consumed me in LA because the Institution had gotten pretty big with all the regular trappings of big church life. I came to what seemed to be a fairly easy straight forward job where people were eager to do the work and I laid it on them that my interest was in teaching and preaching and communicating as best I could. What I ran into was a cultural lag of probably two years time between California and Washington and I came also in the midst of the generation rift which obviously had become more severe than ever. At the time that I came I very much saw myself as a bridge; someone trying to stay in communication both ways. But I'm afraid there's become no bridge to stand on. If you are going to communicate in any direction you've got to make that commitment. Father Malcolm Boyd said there are just too many young people to fool around with people over 35–you know just too many turned on intelligent religious young people. It gets scary to a standard parish made up of families with teenagers to see the kids moving off in directions they don't even comprehend at all. Most of them are comfortable with a middle class life and business–piling up more things and having a church which almost is a status thing that salves their conscience, you know.

PD: Or are you bored by the whole problem?

PS: I'm bored by the committees, you know, and busy work, keeping the life tied up.

PD: How about the Free University?

PS: The Free University was in my mind. Again I did it because I needed bread, primarily because I was continuing to do what I was doing, to sit in my yard and look at the trees and write poetry. When I got into the Free U situation I was intrigued by the kinds of possibilities. For the crossing of different kinds of groups, from new and old left politics hippies and crashers, dopesters, speeders and organization freaks, and all kinds of different types, including serious student types. Also I was interested to see how an institution like that could function anarchically (sic) and I truly tried to boil the thing down to the least amount of organization, you know–just simplify it completely, almost make it a free running place. A couple of things happened. A lot of people got up tight because they were afraid the place was going to get busted, because occasionally there would be dope found in there and also because of the crashers and the free food program they were having for awhile. But I just let things go on. When we got pressured, I'd pull back, you know but as long as there wasn't any significant pressure, I'd just keep it going.

There are so many things that have spun out of the energy tangential to the Free University. I think what really needs to be done is not something which is imitation of a University setting with teachers and courses and what not. People can come and change with each other and keep it very fluid. Have courses and just have them happen and planned and taken by those who are interested.

PD: Something else, were we to talk about the visible scene that is happening in the public relations sense, it seems that so much of it has been the responsibility of a few people yourself very much included. The question could be, in order for something else, is there in Seattle the human resources for creating it? In other words, HOW is it going to happen? And of course, what might it be?

PS: I don't think anybody has got the real clue to that yet, I think that is still unfolding. Seattle's changed, so much. I've seen so many changes here just in the activity of people, and also I think in terms of my own head–where I've been. In the I Ching it talks about the Northwest being the area one goes to retreat and contemplate and that the Southwest is the place of activity. In terms of my own activity up here, I really came here to get away from some of the scene that was whirling in California and when I got up here I grieved the loss of it. But what happens is that you begin to develop a company, a kind of community of experience of people together. And just the way I got involved down here in the city, with the Free U, with OCS, with the bands and the whole psychedelic scene. There were a number of us who developed a community in the deeply religious sense, that of the experiencing existentially together. I've seen my life in the last ten years as a sequence of developing these kinds of experiences with people. And once it happened, there's no losing that ever, in any place. And those relationships continue. I think there is a whole West Coast culture and what's going to happen, I think, is the possibility of people, building on their common experience together and making it possible for a life together somehow. There will be communities of people up and down this coast where there are cooperative working relationships going on. And there is no fear finally that anybody will suffer economically or be thrown to the dogs on their own in this culture. I begin to see, for instance, in my own life, that the two things that seemingly matter to me, and I think matter to everyone, is first personal freedom, to do what you really want to do what you can throw your energies into and to be able to care and to be cared for between people. Like the Sky River Rock thing. You know that was just a dream, and the whole thing comes together and works its way out, and becomes a beautiful occasion. And the people who do something like that together, are then together period. And the commercial aspect is just money energy, I guess.

PD: Then what you said earlier about the possibility of life on a farm in California is sort of your next experiment, possibly a more concentrated experience, in this kind of corporate human action.

PS: Well, I'm interested in what goes on in these farms. But I'm urbanized, there are comforts I like. Farm work is tough work consistently hard work, and I'm really now leaving the farm, leaving an oasis estate, retreat in Bothell, Washington. I'm re-entering the city. Going to Berkeley, which scares the shit out of me: what that place is coming to. It seems to me that Berkeley is a cataclysmic place like Watts was for the Black Revolution in 1965. That in Berkeley it's coming to a head, the very upfront idealistic committed careless caring of young people right up front in terms of the major establishment and Berkeley could blow open in what the Establishment calls violence.

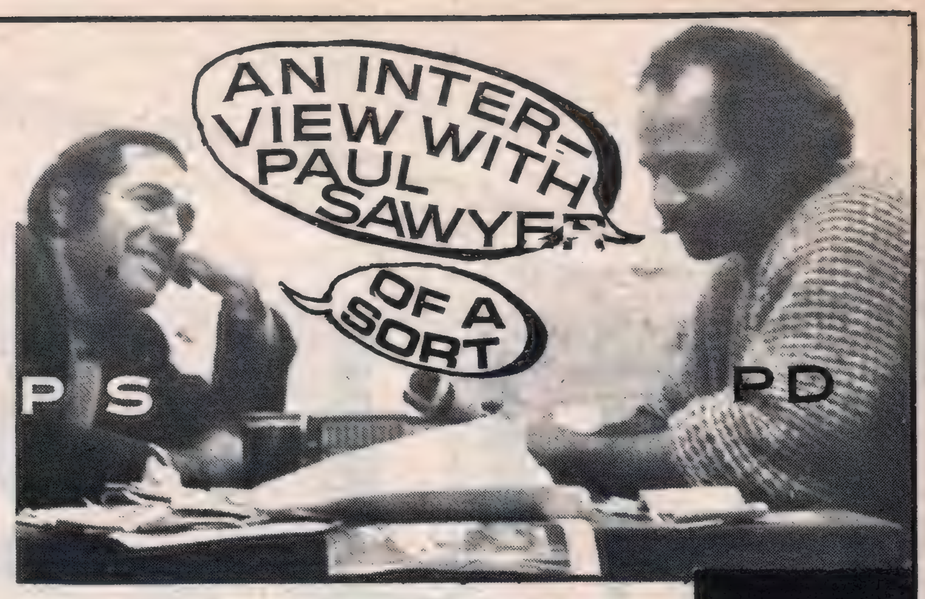
But the city farms, have not really come into their own yet and precisely what they're going to be we just have the inkling of. The city communes. That's what's interesting to me about the venture in Berkeley, to take like 3-1/2 acres and form a suburban commune. Where people will have relationships with the ongoing culture but still live communely.

PD: Is this near Berkeley?

PS: It's right up in the hills from Berkeley about 5 minutes up the mountainside. And it's being done with architects and a lot of bread's being put into it. Who knows what will come out of something like that? I don't know. But Seattle, has already come very quickly through to that level, in some ways Seattle has a potential for going into it and avoiding some of the bitter conflicts, like say in the Bay area of California. Because society down there is so polarized, so uptight, so far along. This is a very peaceful environment it's not a confrontation environment. There are still niches and room and there's a relative lack of heat from the Establishment in this area, compared to other areas of the country. I don't know whether that will continue.

It can still make the religious experience a vital one in a communal form. I think the rituals, I'm talking about people turning on together, people sharing food together, people doing something together, whatever it might be, that they will come to see themselves as a continuing community of human beings living together, rather than what I think is really a dead notion that we are all isolated, singular, alone, ultimately. I think this is like one way of seeing, but it's not the full picture. We really are complete, in some kind of communal form; we complete each other, as human beings. Our society has divided us so from each other and put us through the high ringer. I was just looking out the window today thinking what kind of a culture it is that has a guy running one of these fork lifts all around his goddamned yard for 8 or 10 hours a day. And buys his time to do that. That everybody's plugged in. And with this kind of gigantic industrial super technological machine usually the end product is a bunch of shit. Just a bunch of shit. And it's a conspiracy, really, organized unconsciously in a Freudian sense–to do away with the manhood and womanhood of people. So how do we break through that, that's what the avatar has been, always. The people who like broke through all those assumptions that hold the thing to its shape. Usually that action has taken a religious form even in our own time.

PD: I remember a year and a half ago it was as if you almost treated the electronic media and McCluhan as a kind of an avatar, sort of unconsciously involving the participation of society. I don't get that as much from you anymore. Have you grown a bit skeptical about a benign technology: as a benevolent, soft, juggernaut,



swallowing us up into mutual pleasure?

PS: No. I think what I see in a utopian sense, is that everybody immersed in the technological, organized uptight state of things, is afraid of what they see, which is the total freedom of being alive. Remember Dostoevsky, remember the story he had in the Grand Inquisitor, Jesus comes back, and says, what everyone wants is miracle, mystery, and authority. Freedom and the dangers of walking the knife edge of the agony of freedom, which is the bliss of freedom, is like what everybody flees. Because it's scary, when your life is your own, totally, and I think the economics of our culture is in such a state that it is now possible to break through to that very easily. And that everybody has gotten on edge about it, holding back, frightened of what that means, personally to them.

PD: Yeah, I don't find you nearly as pop as I did when you were first....

PS: This has got to do with the environment you're in, and the Northwest environment is a layed back nature trip, at its best. I mean, that's what the Northwest has to offer at this particular time, more than any other area I know. I'd just come out of the total shock of electronic culture par excellence, with Sunset Boulevard style and all the rest, and you have to begin to see the beauty in that to survive that culture. There's no other way to do it. Otherwise you are completely in despair, and I think coming here in the Northwest was an unconscious pulling back on that side of the dimension for myself.

PS: I'd say like I've absorbed so much nature in the last few years, nature nature, that I could exist for the rest of my life without it if I had to. I've just been getting ready for the task, whatever it is.

PD: This has been like your time in the wilderness, then?

PS: Yes. My wilderness period in Seattle. When I came here I said it was going to be 2 years, and it's two years. I've stuck to my word. Unlike LA where the place like rubbed me so much that I just had to comprehend it. I was younger then and it took a little longer to understand things. But its really what's inside us anyway. And I'm just recovering what is mine from childhood. Just making that stronger.

PD: Since it's sort of my trite task to sort of wind things up when the tape winds out, I would conclude that Paul Sawyer's probably after a kind of power that is a real alternative. It's not simply a power that's playing a dialectical game of gun against gun, in other words, he's after a religious power. In a sense the power he EXHIBITS is a very pleasant power, that is, concerned with pleasure. And in a sense the power he exhibits is also prophetic in that he involves himself in the kind of actions which, while existing in themselves, and enjoying themselves, say something about the future. So we might enter as a little prophetic postlude, an excerpt from something he has been working on for some time, entitled, Journal of Poems.

PS: Yes, Journal of Poems Meteorological Journal of the Mind. It was Thoreau who had a beautiful thing in his journal where he said, Suppose someone would keep a record of the ideas that dropped into his head, it would be more important than the journals of of traveling all over the world, anywhere, just to keep that meteorological journal of the mind. So I kind of took off from that and was writing a journal of poems. This particular piece came in the despair about the political possibilities.

And so this piece was really a way of saying forget all that political shit, that's dead. It's through really, the scene is back into ourselves again. I have a feeling now that what's going to happen is that this thing is going to work its way out, in the way it has always worked its way out among people doing their thing together. And that the political life of this country is totally irrelevant to the cultural revolution going on, and almost all political efforts are not letting go of the illusion that politics was the way it could work. Let me read this part, which was finally the way I got it down for myself just recently.

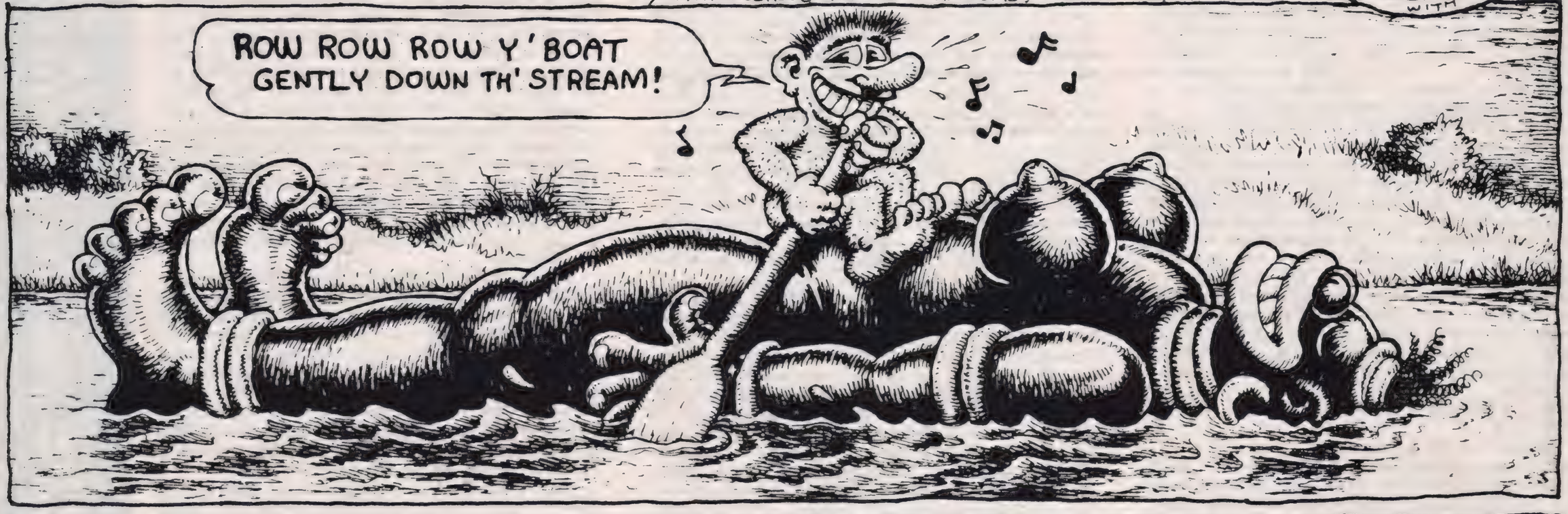
I would master words with such precision that there will be no question about what we see. REVOLUTION is the WORD on everybody's lips when it is not the French or Russian or American, 18th, 19th century rendition But appropriate to our own time. PERCEPTUAL HEAD REVOLUTION MCLUHANEWAUE the media instigate on television. Chicago stepped it up No one knows what's coming next. MORE police and national guard. MORE kids in the street with bloody heads. Others getting away from the HEAT anyplace they can. Humphrey won an empty victory. Nixon's back in the lead. A temporary throwback to the last era past. No one's satisfied. AMERICA a broken promise a national nightmare. We'll be glad the other side politics dead the way we've known it. PROPHETS AND SEERS ARISE. The new world of VISION IS HERE ALREADY. WE ARE THE LEADERS there is no one else to follow in the VACUUM THE CREATORS SHARPEN YOUR INSIGHT TELL IT NOW AS IT IS EVERYONE IS LISTENING I DECLARE THE REVOLUTION BEGUN INSIDE US

you read the radio? You should

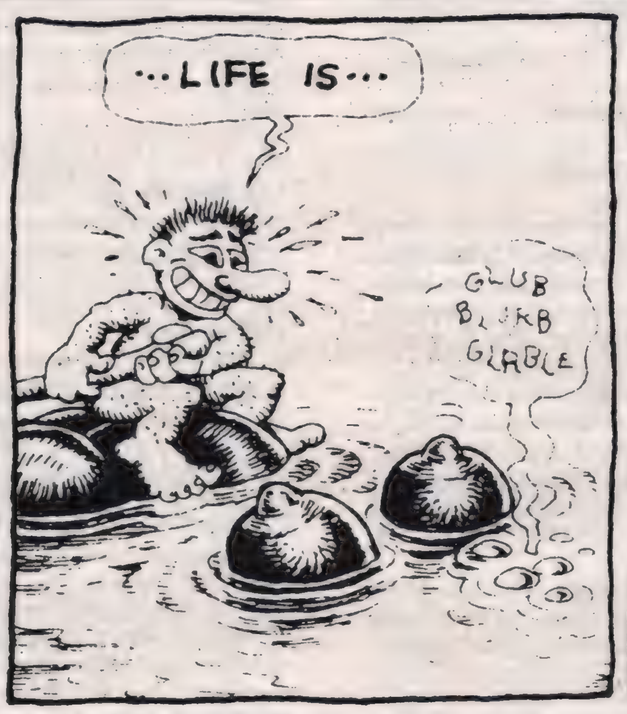
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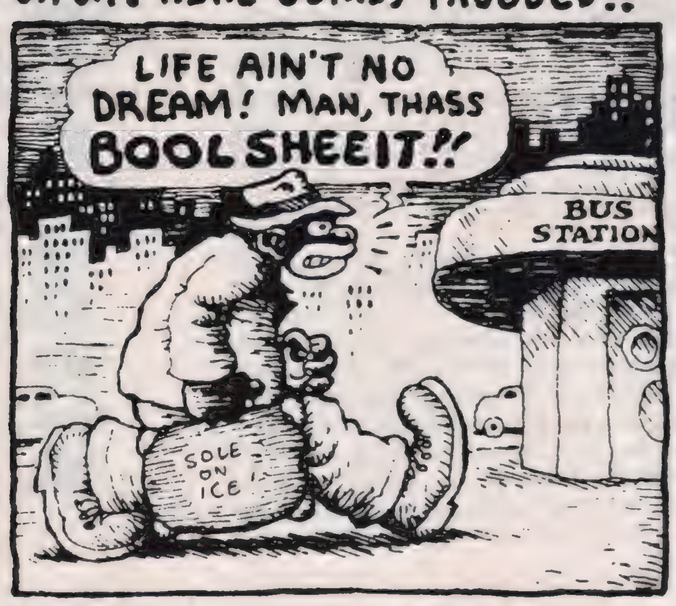








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MAYBE IT STILL IS, OR MAYBE THAT WAS AWAKE & THIS ....

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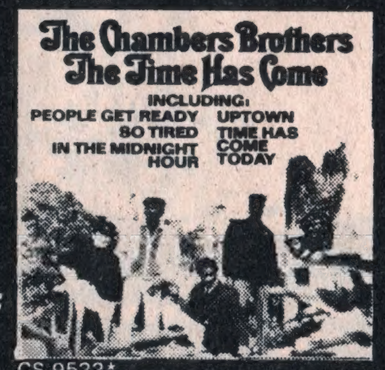
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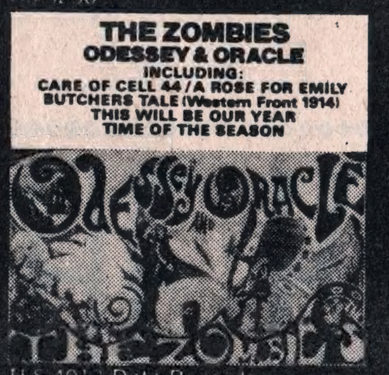
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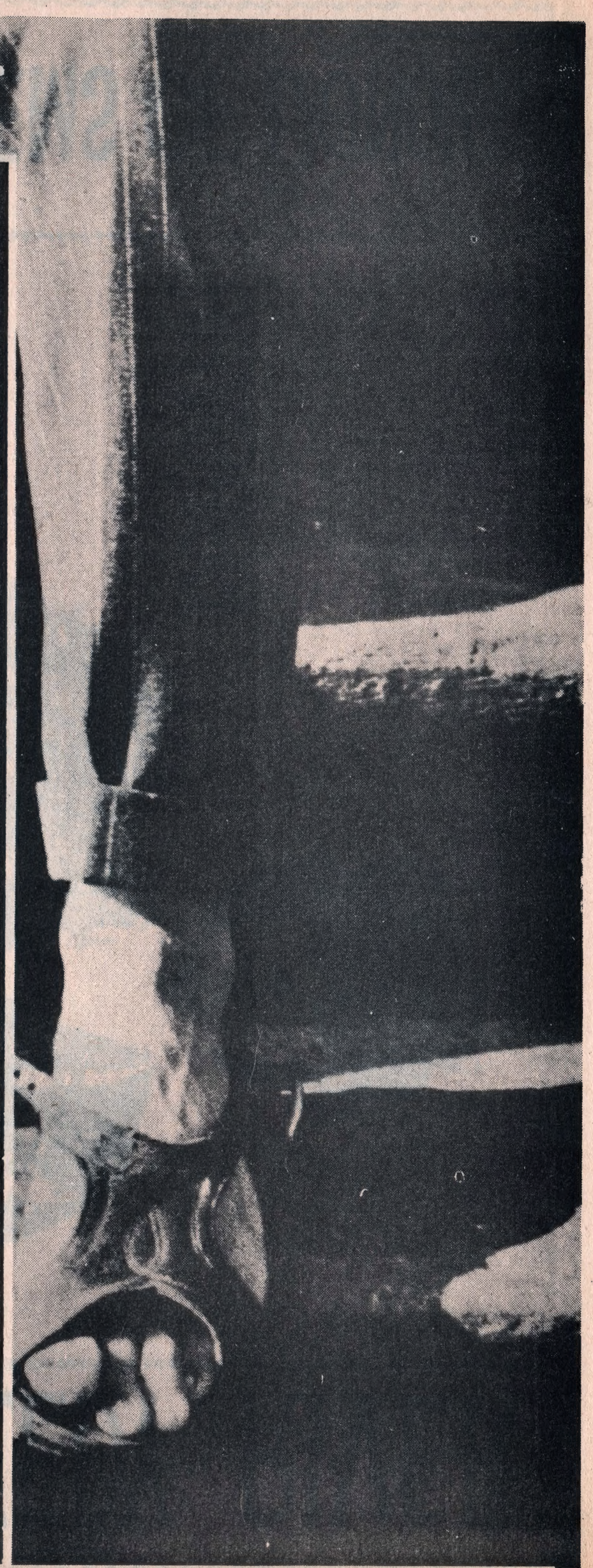
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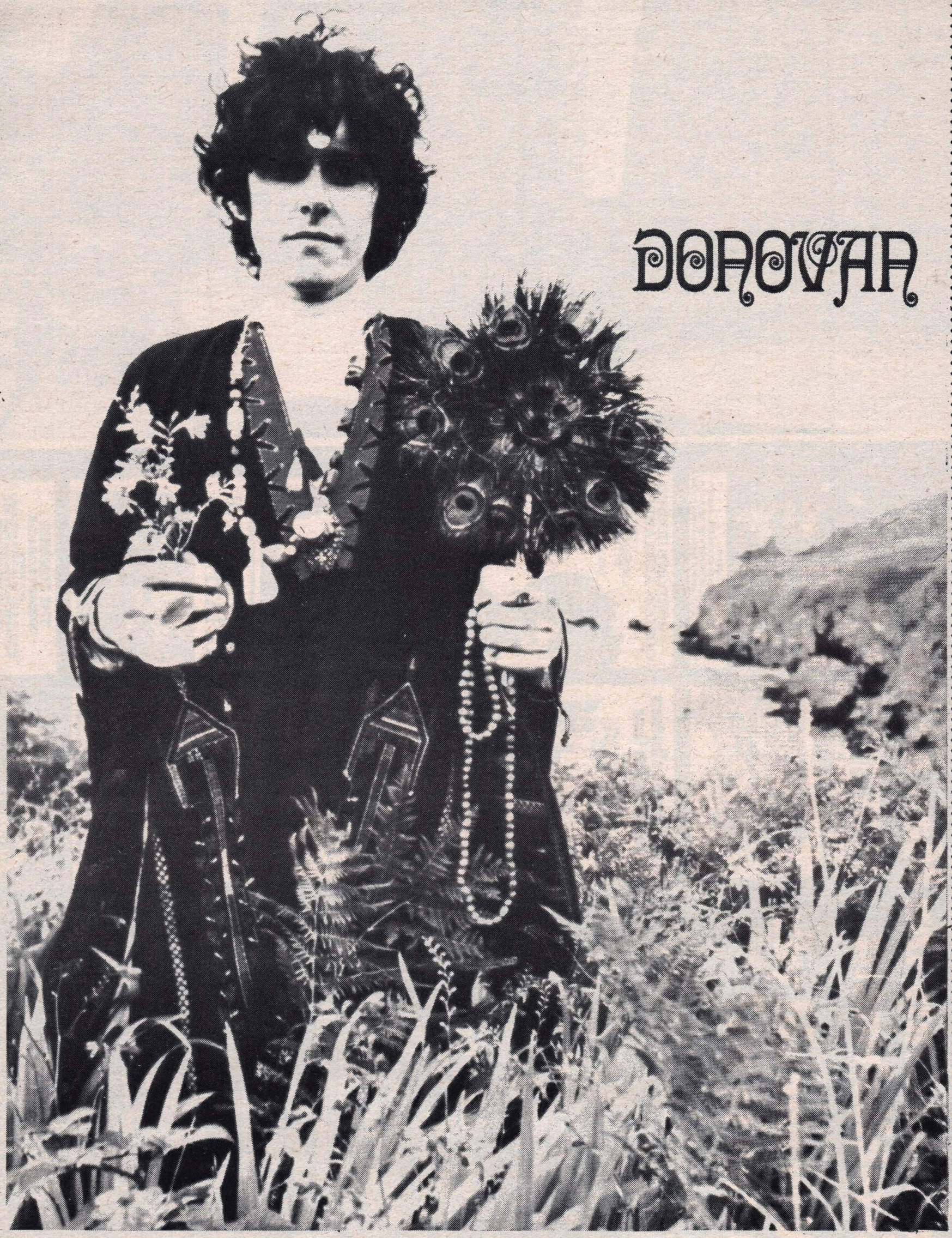
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HELIX STAFF needs photo enlarger. Donations or loans accepted Call NSS John at HELIX EA 2-0443.

HIP GIRL 17 wants chance to sing in hip rock and roll band. Good all around singer. Call Mary at PA 3-2383.

WANTED GIRL 18 to 25 for live in maid free room and board only. PHONE AT 3-4757.

LOST AFGAN male pup. Call EA 9-2893. Reward.

LONESOME MAN desires young female roommate for fun and games and light housekeeping. PHONE MU 2-5088 after 5 pm Ask for Bob.

NEED RIDE to LA share expenses Call Vince Fay ME 2-3355 as soon as possible.

I LOST two CYMBALS at the Sky River Rock Festival. If you have them, please call me No questions asked. Tim Bonow, EA 4-3902.

Bus: $450



With Several Beds, Stoves, & Other Amenities Needs only battery charge and Bendix spring for Traveling. Call me ME 2 5344.. leave Phone number.....



Adults Only

$10.00

GIRLS! YOU'LL LOVE IT!

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The only book-length study available on this subject. Fully illustrated edition, subtitled "A Study of Normal and Abnormal Oral Sex Behavior."

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Twenty-nine case-histories are included, giving insight into people with marital problems caused/solved by oral sex, teen-age girls submitting to fellatio to maintain their virginity, wives seeking divorces for such actions wives who seek fellatio out of marriage, kidnapped girls forced to perform fellatio, high school girls performing oral sex on teachers, women obtaining a climax while fellating men, women who prefer oral sex to coitus, sanctified oral sexuality (fellatio with ministers), multiple fellatio (one girl and five boys), desire for fellatio caused by seeing parents or other adults in oral-genital acts, etc.

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Enclosed is check, m.o., or cash for $10.00. Please ship one copy of FELLATIO, post paid. Washington residents add 4.5% sales tax. I am over 21 years of age. (Enclose 10% for C.O.D.'s)

Signature _____

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LETTER

Dear Paul:

After reading your story about the Sky River Rock Festival I feel it necessary to reply in defense of the "psychedelic orthodoxy" that wrested control of the microphone for three days of didacticism.

I was supposed to carry a portion of the m.c. duties myself, but when I was called to the stage, I was too stoned to talk--all I could think of was, 'this is heaven and there isn't anything to say! So I didn't. I just mumbled something about feeling good and hoping everyone else did too and then stood there grinning like an idiot til the "psychedelic orthodoxy" led me off stage.

The "psychedelic orthodoxy's" name is Buddha--he is 35 years old, lives on a houseboat in Sausolita with his old lady (Sheila) and two kids, and he cares about people! Buddha is an ex-Marine drill instructor who stopped shouting at people and made his life's work talking to people. He was one of the organizers of the first "Human Be-In" in San Francisco.

Buddha came to Seattle for little more than expenses to do the Festival--his main concern was the same as ours--to make the Festival the most out-of-sight happening ever. I think that most agree it was. I also think that Buddha was one of the contributing factors that made the Festival so great. I believe that most of the people that attended enjoyed his rap and probably many seekers of identity and direction found it inspirational. Aside from everything else, the man rapped almost non-stop for 72 hours, and I think he deserves accolades for that alone.

Probably one of the most difficult jobs in the world of existence is that of an m.c., because he is not the show simply the fill between the show. Anything an m.c. says is really just a lot of superfluous bullshit to fill up space between the acts. It doesn't really matter whether it makes sense or not, because at least half the people are probably exercising their right not to listen anyway. The most important function of an m.c. is to keep something happening on stage at all times so that people retain the underlying feeling that something is going on; otherwise, people tend to lose interest and become bored and each act that comes on has the burden of capturing back the interest and attention that was lost during the dead spot between. I think Buddha performed the function of m.c. better than anyone I've ever seen, and I think he deserves kind words of praise for his work, and that's why I'm writing them.

I should like to say in closing that as soon as possible, Buddha will probably be joining me on KOL-FM, and I hope that you too, Paul, will be able to join us on the electric radio. We are all together. Let's be kind to each other.

Love, Robin Sherwood.

HELIX WILL PUBLISH WEEKLY

Below you see a number of us (HELIX staff) resting on our way to the Ocean. Out at cape Alva we firmed up plans to go weakly. That means a number of interesting consequences: (1) There will be 52 issues a year instead of 26, so the sub rate goes from $5 to $7.50. (2) Division of Labor: there will be more people doing more specialized things... hopefully theirs. (3) Street dealers will have a regular source of part-time (4) We'll need and have a seperate business office at 3120 Harvard E. (5) We'll need: -a- Volunteers, -b- graphics supplies -c- more "leads" -d- more kind advice about creative people who can be found. -e- letters & reflections -f- support through advertising and outlets. -g- office help -h- complaints.





read carefully

OP-S BENEFIT. 6 to 12 OCT. 6
EAGLES · FLOATING BRIDGE
JUGGERNAUT
INTERNATIONAL
BYRON BRICK
POPE ENSEMBLE
CRETONA CIRCUS
ENSEMBLE THEATER
PLAYING
AMERICA
HURRAH

RIDE THE FERRY TO THE
CHANGE IN TIMES
FESTIVAL · OCT 5 & 6
12 to 10 PM
ROOSEVELT FIELD
BREMERTON
90¢ 1 DAY · $1.50 2 DAYS
BENEFIT FOR
BLACKS, INDIANS
BAIL BOND
FUND

9:00 PM
4TH & UNIV. AVE - THEN
11 PM · SUNRISE AT
FROSH POND
ON + PLUS + WOW
THOUSANDS OF
COUNTRY GROUPS
TOO STRONG
TO (MENTION)

SPONSORED BY U DISTRICT MERCHANTS

WOW!

"1000's"
?

Love-U District Festival

PRESENTED BY ASUW

OCT 1

NO ADMISSION

YOUNGBLOODS · FRUMIOUS BANDERSNATCH ·
SANTANA · COUNTRY WEATHER · JUGGERNAUT
MOTHER TUCKERS YELLOW DUCK · CONGRESS of WONDERS
ALICE STEWART · CLIFF WAGNER & THE 2nd COMING
FLOATING BRIDGE · CALIOPE & THE LOVELY DIANE
DOING HER DANCE OF DEATH

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